ELL

Scoop! MARILYN MONROE TO ADOPT CHILD

see inside

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IS LIZ AFRAID TO HAVE A BABY WITH EDDIE?

NEW LIQUID LUSTRE-CREME IS HERE!

Now you can shampoo... Set with plain water...and have lively, natural looking curls!



New Rich, Rich Liquid! Lanolin-Blessed!

Vera Miles
co-starring in
The Alfred Hitchcock Production
"PSYCHO"
A Paramount Release

VERA MILES, one of Hollywood's loveliest new stars, always makes sure her hair is shampooed with Lustre-Creme. It leaves her blonde hair shining with highlights, every wave soft and smooth. Why don't YOU try Lustre-Creme, too?

FOR CURLS THAT COME EASY—HERE'S ALL YOU DO:

Shampoo with new Liquid Lustre-Creme.
Special cleansing action right in the rich, fast-rising lather gets hair clean as you've ever had it yet leaves it blissfully manageable. Contains Lanolin, akin to the natural oils of the hair; keeps hair soft, easy to set without special rinses.

Set—with just plain water!
An exclusive new formula—unlike any other shampoo—leaves hair so manageable any hair-style is easier to set with just plain water. Curls are left soft and silky—spring right back after combing. Waves behave, flick smoothly into place.

Lustre-Creme—never dries—it beautifies—now in liquid, lotion or cream!



4 OUT OF 5 TOP MOVIE STARS USE LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO!

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SOMEONE ELSE'S HUSBAND AND SOMEONE ELSE'S WIFE...!

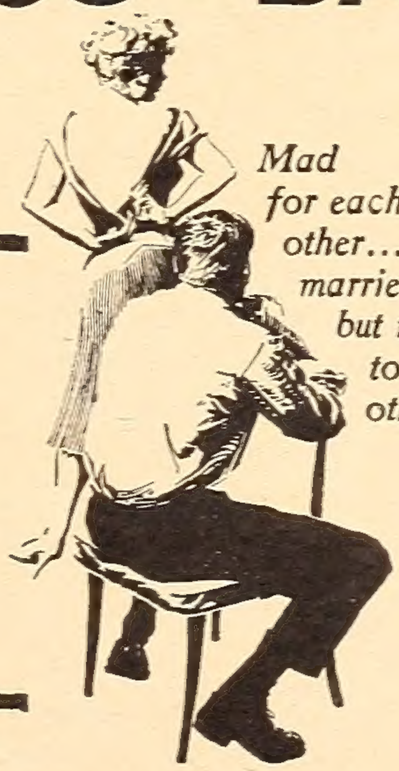
How does such a thing happen, and why? Where does it take place, and when? What does it lead to, and to whom? From the outspoken best-seller on marital infidelity!

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KIRK DOUGLAS | KIM NOVAK

ERNIE KOVACS | BARBARA RUSH

Strangers When We Meet



Mad for each other... married, but not to each other!



co-starring
WALTER MATTHAU
VIRGINIA BRUCE • KENT SMITH • HELEN GALLAGHER A BRYNA-QUINE Production
Screenplay by EVAN HUNTER, based on his own novel • Produced and Directed by RICHARD QUINE

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Your all day

veil of fragrance

scents, smooths, clings
more lovingly, more lastingly
than costly cologne



No cologne prolongs and protects your daintiness like Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Never evaporates. Never dries your skin. Leaves you silken-smooth, flower-fresh all over. Make Cashmere Bouquet *...pure, imported Italian Talc...* your all day Veil of Fragrance.

Cashmere Bouquet Talc

the fragrance men love

modern screen

JULY, 1960 — AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

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AN ARTHUR FREED
PRODUCTION

THE SCREEN IS SINGING!
M-G-M IS BRINGING
BROADWAY'S BELL-RINGING
MUSICAL TO YOU!

bells are ringing

In CinemaScope And
METROCOLOR



SONGS! SONGS!
"Bells Are Ringing"
"Just In Time"
"I Met A Girl"
"The Party's Over"
and many more!

Starring

Judy Holliday
Dean Martin

FRED CLARK With EDDIE FOY, JR. · JEAN STAPLETON

Screen Play and Lyrics by BETTY COMDEN and ADOLPH GREEN · Music by JULE STYNE

Based On the Musical Play
BELLS ARE RINGING

Book and Lyrics by
BETTY COMDEN and ADOLPH GREEN · Music by JULE STYNE

As Presented On the Stage
by the Theatre Guild

Directed by
VINCENTE MINNELLI

Anne's WRETCHED



PERIODIC PAIN

Menstrual pain had Anne down but Midol brought quick comfort. Midol acts three ways to bring faster, more complete relief from menstrual distress. It relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues".

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW" a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dept F-70, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Anne's RADIANT WITH MIDOL



Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q There's a report that **Shirley MacLaine** and her brother **Warren Beatty** refuse to talk about one another for publication. Is this because Shirley is opposed to having **Joan Collins** as a sister-in-law?
—E.S., Evanston, Ill.

A *No. It's because Warren is opposed to making it as a star on his sister's fame.*

Q How come after all her publicity—and I do mean *all*—**Jayne Mansfield** faded so much from the Hollywood scene? Did the public resent the imitation **Marilyn Monroe** bit?
—I.L., Dallas, Tex.

A *They resented having Jayne pushed down their throats. If you recall it was the public that discovered Marilyn in small roles . . . and it was the public that demanded better roles for her. With Jayne it was vice versa.*

Q I read a great deal about **Marilyn Monroe**'s recurring illnesses while she was in production with Let's Make Love. What was the state of her health during the month-long actor's strike when she didn't have to work?
—K.H., Boston, Mass.

A *She had a slight cold.*

Q What was the real cause of the **Suzy Parker**-Pierre LaSalle breakup?
—D.L., Montreal, Can.

A *Throughout their marriage both made a thing about being able to go their separate ways. This time they went too far.*

Q There was a rumor circulating that **Dean Martin** had a brain tumor. What are the real facts about this?
—H.G., Lawrence, N.Y.

A *There was a suspicion of a tumor. Ex-rays proved otherwise—and Dean's dizzy spells are suspected of being the result of too much high living. At the moment, however, he's not taking advice to slow down too seriously.*

Q How serious is the feud between **Tony Curtis** and **Glenn Ford**, and how did Tony feel about not getting an Oscar nomination for *Some Like It Hot* when **Jack Lemmon** got one?
—T.H., Daytona Beach, Fla.

A *Because of their heated differences over the Actor's Strike (Tony was violently for it, Glenn just as violently against it), it's unlikely Glenn and Tony will talk to one another again. Tony still speaks to Lemmon but was sour over his own lack of nomination.*

Q What are the chances of **Bobby Darin** marrying **Jo-Ann Campbell**?
—R.D., Bangor, Me.

A *Excellent—if the romance can survive the long separation of Bobby's new public appearance tour.*

Q I have been a fan of **Lana Turner**'s for more than 20 years and can't ever remember her going on personal appearances. I read she is doing some for *Portrait In Black*. Is she doing this to cover the bad publicity she's been getting because of her daughter Cheryl?
—T.W., New London, Conn.

A *No. Lana owns 50% of the picture. The more interest she can create, the greater amount she figures to make.*

Q Do you think **James Garner** will legally be able to walk out of his Warners contract—even though he insists it became null and void when the studio put him on suspension?
—A.C., Annandale-on-Hudson, N.Y.

A *The studio will fight the case to the highest court to keep Jim in its fold. As long as they keep fighting, Jim will be unable to work for anyone. Hollywood bets Jim will be back at Warners.*

Q The columns seem to be linking **Lucille Ball** with Morton DaCosta, the producer-director of her new Broadway show. What are the chances of this turning into a *serious* romance?
—C.B., Tucson, Ariz.

A *Nil—for any kind of romance.*

Q After all they went through to be able to get married, is it really true that **Ernest Borgnine** and **Katy Jurado** are having serious problems after less than six months together?
—E.W., Savannah, Ga.

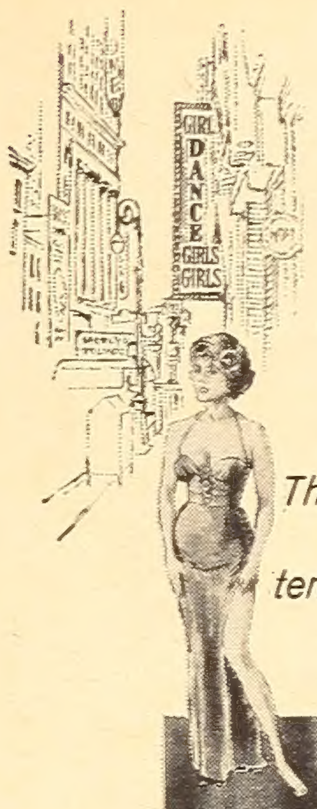
A *They were having serious problems after less than* three *months together.*

Q Is it true that **Liz Taylor** and **Eddie Fisher** are planning to live in Switzerland for good in order to avoid paying exorbitant U.S. income taxes?
—S.S., Ithaca, N.Y.

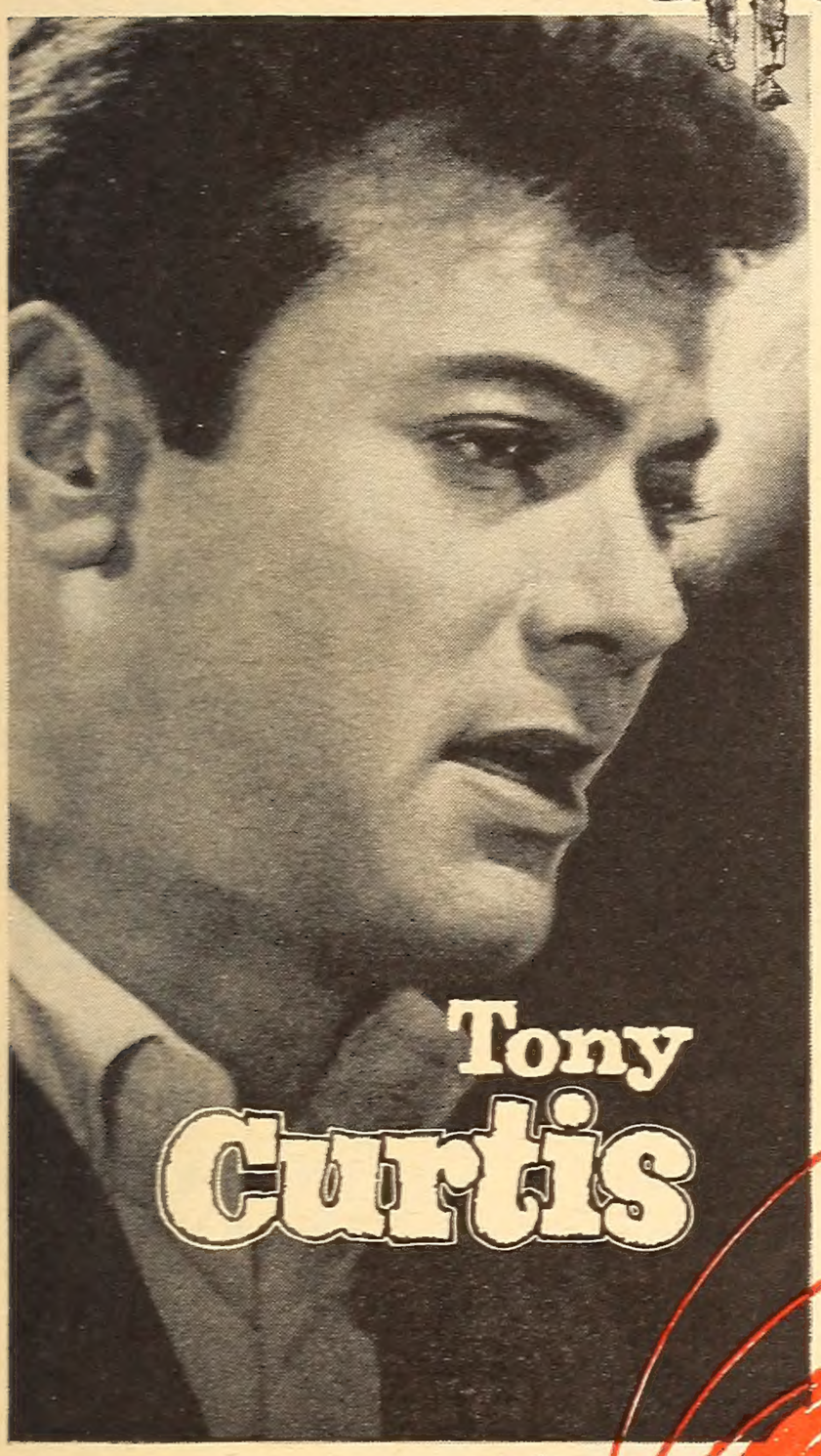
A *Liz and Eddie may set up a business in Switzerland. They plan to live there only for the duration of* Cleopatra.



The naive guy from Milwaukee who got caught in the rat race...



The talent from Tampa who became a ten-cents-a-dance girl...



"You talk about breaking New York open in three months. It might take you all your life—and you still won't do it. Just wait till it slams every door in your face. You'll lie, steal, cheat—and that's only the beginning!"



Tony Curtis

Debbie Reynolds

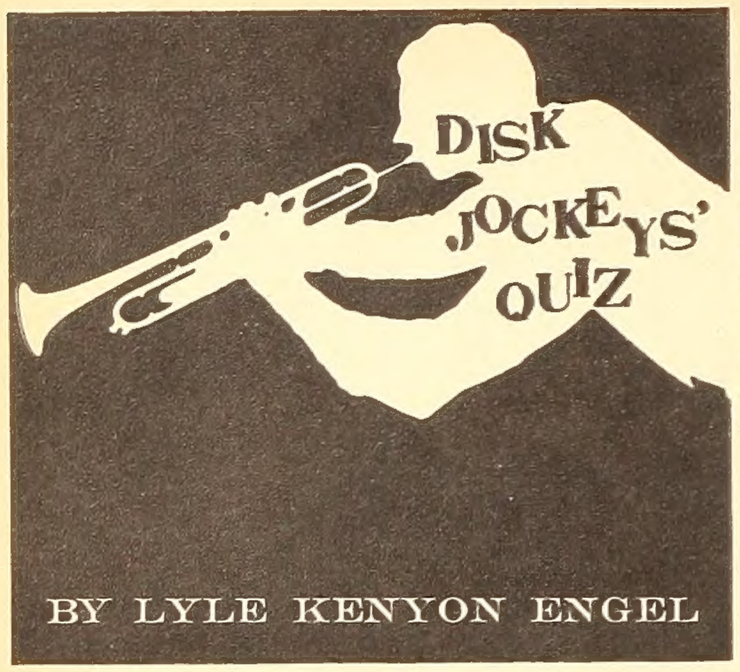
in the
PERLBERG-SEATON
production of
GARSON KANIN'S

the rat race



co-starring JACK OAKIE / KAY MEDFORD / DON RICKLES / TECHNICOLOR® / with JOE BUSHKIN • SAM BUTERA • GERRY MULLIGAN

Directed by Robert Mulligan • Screenplay by Garson Kanin • Based on His Play • A Paramount Picture



BY LYLE KENYON ENGEL

The Nation's Top Disk Jockeys pose a series of questions to see if you know your record stars.



Lee Case
Station WCBM
Baltimore, Md.

1. *They are three little fellows who are always getting out of line. They are saucy little fellows who have had several million record sellers. These little characters were created by David Seville.*

2. *She has acted and sung in many pictures, with leading men like Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor and Vic Damone. Her first big platter was* TAMMY. *Her latest is* AM I THAT EASY TO FORGET?



Bob 'Coffeehead' Larson
Station WRIT
Milwaukee, Wis.

3. *Every year he's voted the top popular instrumental guitarist in the U.S. He started out on WSM's* GRAND OLD OPRY. *He's RCA Victor's A & R man for Country and Western Music.*



Ira Cook
Station KMPC
Los Angeles, Cal.

4. *These four singers, Tony Williams, David Lynch, Paul Robi and Zola Taylor, have had many top record sellers. They met and formed their group when they were parking lot attendants in Los Angeles. Some of their big hits were:* THE GREAT PRETENDER, ONLY YOU *and* HARBOR LIGHTS.

5. *This singer was born in Texas in 1939. He still conducts his band which he formed in high school. He records for Mercury and has made a million-record-seller,* RUNNING BEAR.

6. *As a child she sang in her hometown choir in Newark, New Jersey. She later became a band singer with Earl Hines, Billy Eckstine and John Kirby. Her latest is* YOU'RE MY BABY.



Mike Woloson
Station WNTA
Newark, N. J.

7. *He's been blind since the age of six because of a childhood illness. This great pianist worked with many bands at 15 and organized his first trio at 17. His latest album is called* THE GENIUS OF ——.



Don Bell
Station KIOA
Des Moines, Iowa

1. The Chipmunks
2. Debbie Reynolds
3. Chet Atkins
4. The Platters
5. Johnny Preston
6. Sarah Vaughan
7. Ray Charles

letter to an adopted child

■ James MacArthur is a happy young man, with a promising career as an actor, who only smiles to himself when he hears the old question—should you tell an adopted child the truth about his birth?

The answer is "yes, but gently—and with love."

Jimmy learned that because he himself is the adopted son of one of the world's best-known stage actresses, Helen Hayes, and the late Charles MacArthur.

It was while Charles MacArthur was serving in the Army during World War II, that he decided ten-year-old Jimmy should learn he was adopted.

One day he sent a letter with a special message for Jimmy:

FROM: Charles MacArthur, Major, U.S.A.

TO: Helen Hayes MacArthur

SUBJECT: Promotion of Corporal James MacArthur.

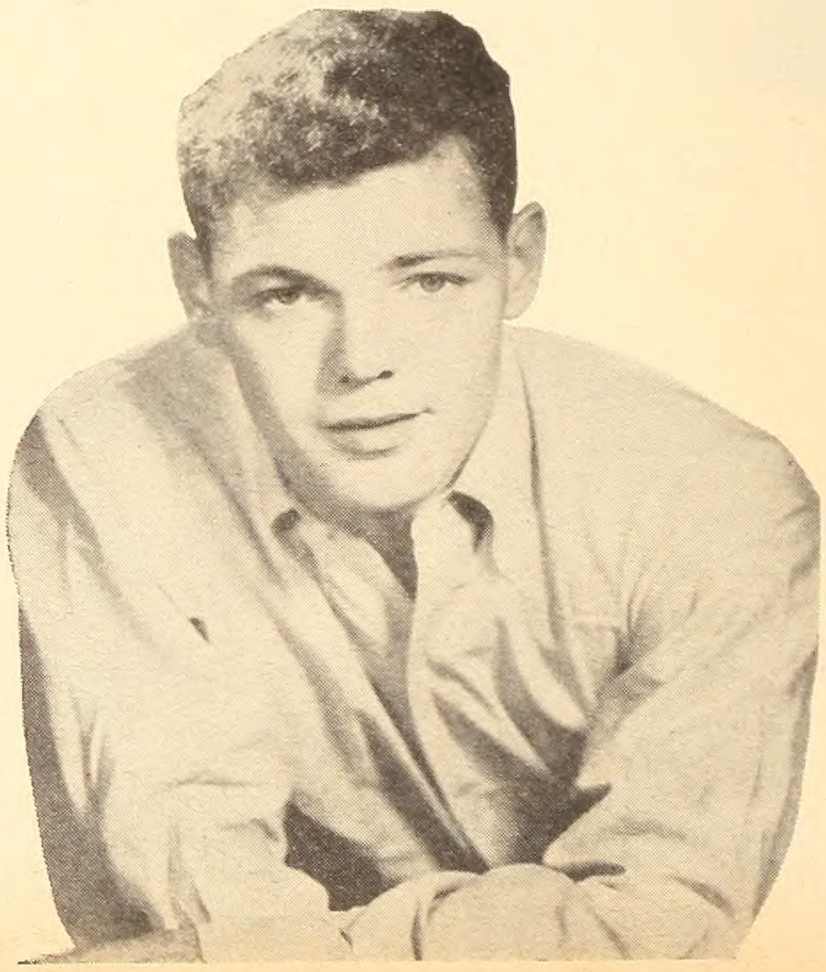
1: It has come to the attention of the undersigned that, since James Gordon MacArthur adopted *the Army as a career, his conduct has been consistent with the highest standards of military behavior and deserving of promotion.*

2: Helen Hayes MacArthur, in the absence of his Commanding Officer, is hereby empowered to promote the said James MacArthur to the grade of Master Sergeant.

3: A pair of Master Sergeant's chevrons are enclosed.

Charles MacArthur
Major, U.S.A.

Helen Hayes read the 'orders' to Jimmy and when the inevitable word *adopted* was read, and the inevitable questions followed . . . the unmistakable love that was concealed in those Sergeant's chevrons, the love of more-than-real parents, carried the day. There wasn't a kid in upstate New York, or the whole world, for that matter, who strutted around as proudly as James MacArthur, wearing his Sergeant's stripes!





Only 20 minutes more than last night's pin-up . . .

wake up with a permanent!

Only new Bobbi *waves while you sleep* . . . brushes into a softly feminine, lasting hairstyle!

If you can put up your hair in pin curls, you can give yourself a Bobbi—the *easy* pin curl permanent. It takes only twenty minutes more than a regular setting! Then, the wave "takes" while you sleep because Bobbi is self-neutralizing. In the morning you *wake up with a permanent* that brushes into a soft, finished hairstyle with the lasting body only a permanent gives. Complete Bobbi kit with curlers, $2.00. Refill, $1.50.

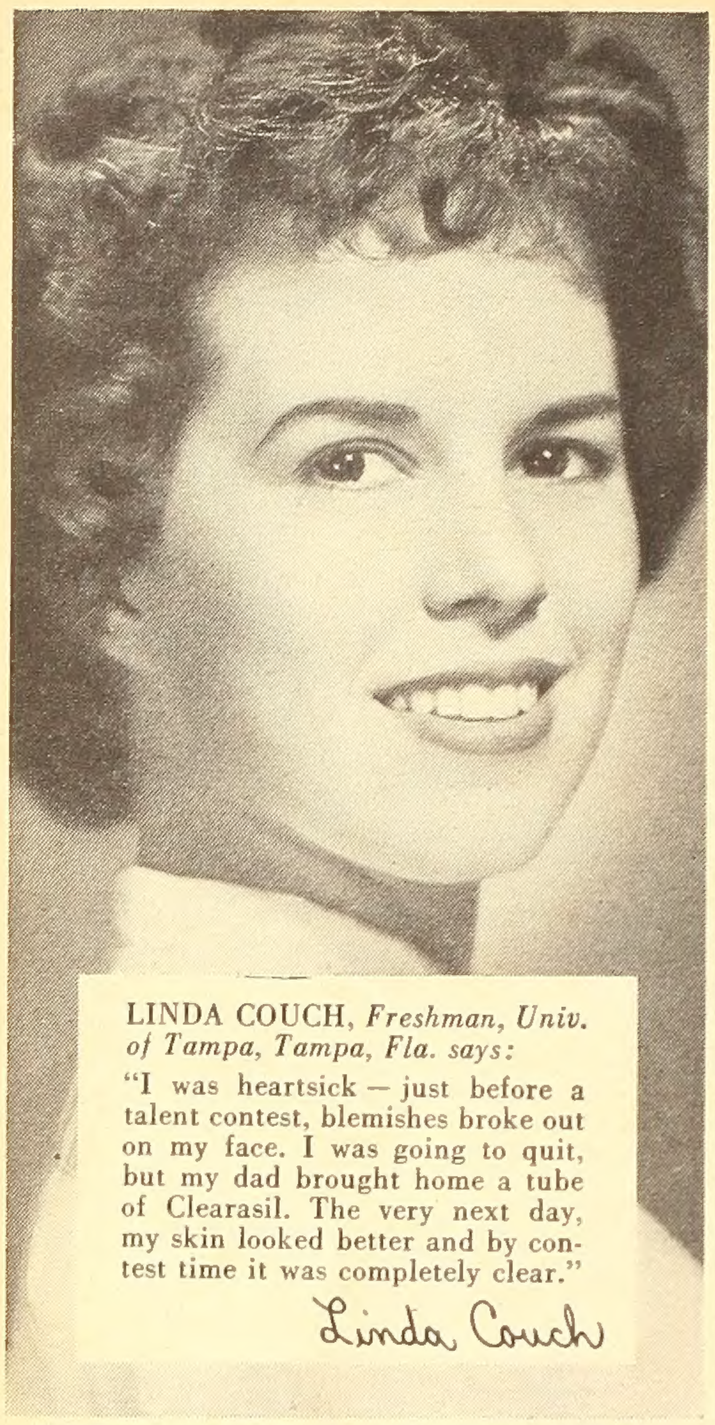
The most convenient permanent of all—home or beauty shop!











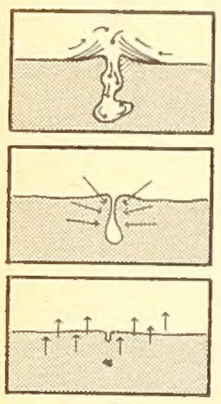
SCIENTIFIC CLEARASIL MEDICATION

'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED, *Hides pimples while it works*

CLEARASIL is the new-type scientific medication *especially* for pimples. In tube or new lotion squeeze-bottle, CLEARASIL gives you the effective medications prescribed by leading Skin Specialists, and clinical tests prove it *really works.*

HOW CLEARASIL WORKS FAST



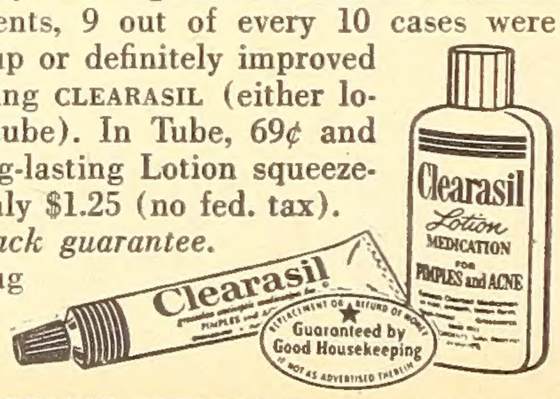
1. *Penetrates pimples.* 'Keratolytic' action softens, dissolves affected skin tissue so medications can penetrate. Encourages quick growth of healthy, smooth skin!

2. *Stops bacteria.* Antiseptic action stops growth of the bacteria that can cause and spread pimples . . . helps prevent further pimple outbreaks!

3. *'Starves' pimples.* Oil-absorbing action 'starves' pimples . . . dries up, helps remove excess oil that 'feeds' pimples . . . works fast to clear pimples!

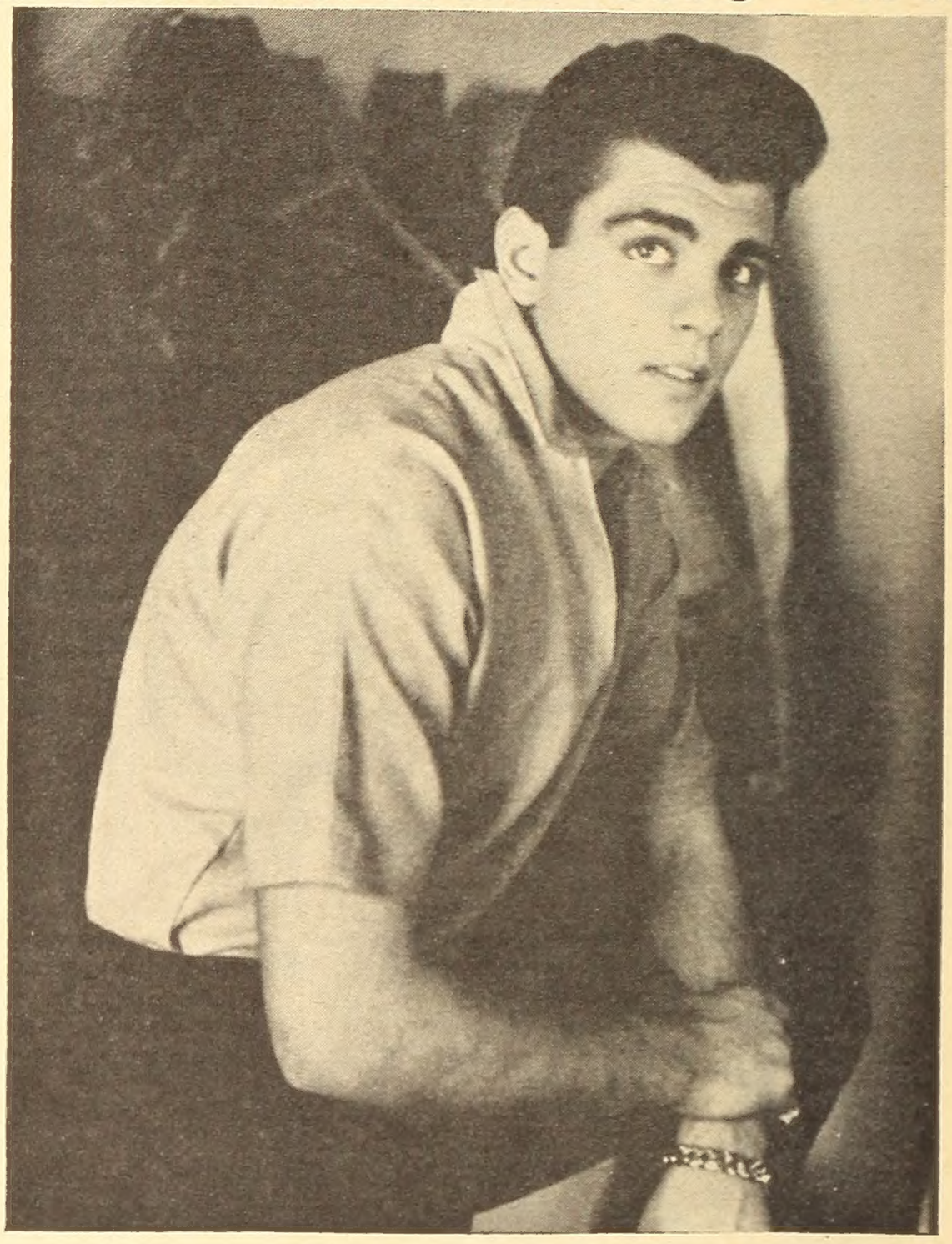
'Floats' Out Blackheads. CLEARASIL softens and loosens blackheads so they float out with normal washing. And, CLEARASIL is greaseless, stainless, pleasant to use day and night for uninterrupted medication.

Proved by Skin Specialists! In tests on over 300 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL (either lotion or tube). In Tube, 69¢ and 98¢. Long-lasting Lotion squeeze-bottle, only $1.25 (no fed. tax). *Money-back guarantee.* At all drug counters.



LARGEST-SELLING BECAUSE IT REALLY WORKS

FABIAN HATED HIS NAME



■ When Fabian was in grammar school, he hated his name.

"I was named for my grandfather and it seemed to me that no one else in the world had the name of 'Fabian,' " he said. "I wished fervently that I'd been christened Joe or Mike or even Anthony which was my middle name.

"When I told my mother I wanted to drop the Fabian and use Anthony, she was so mad, she chased me out of the house."

In school, the kids gave Fabian a hard time. They hooted and poked fun at him because of his 'grand' name. When a commercial came out that said 'Fab washes whiter' they had a field day.

Fabian was a safety lieutenant in school. His job was to keep the kids off the water tower during fire drill. He couldn't leave his post so he had to stand there while all the kids filed past him chanting "*Fab* washes whiter."

But when Bob Marcucci discovered him, Bob said, "You have an unusual name. Odd names make people remember you." And he proved it by coming around to Fabian's house a second time and talking of making him a singer.

In time, they tacked 'Fabulous' on to 'Fabian' and Fabe began to feel that all the punishment he had taken in school was worth it.

"Don't feel sorry for yourself, if the kids make you a target," he summed up. "What you think is a drawback might turn into an advantage if you make up your mind to make the most of it."



shave, lady?...don't do it!

Cream hair away the beautiful way... with new baby-pink, sweet-smelling NEET—you'll never again be embarrassed with unsightly "razor shadow" (that faint stubble of hair left on razor-shaved legs and underarms). Gentle, wonderful NEET goes down deep where no razor can reach—actually *beauty-creams* the hair away. And when the hair *finally* does grow in again, it feels softer, silkier; there's no stubble at all! So next time, for the smoothest, *nicest* legs in town, why not try NEET—you'll never want to shave again!

Neet®





Charlton Heston

DINING WITH THE STARS

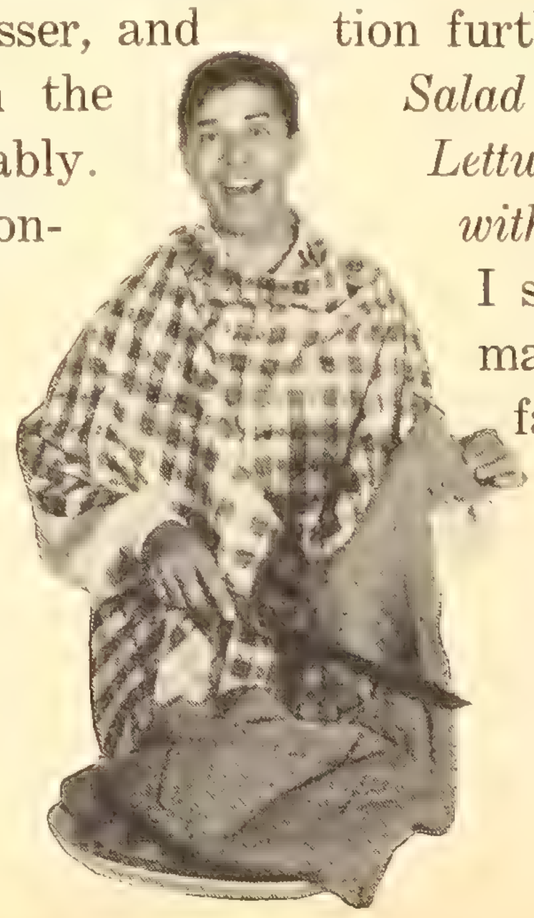
by Blanche E. Schiffman

■ If you were to visit Hollywood, one of the first things you'd want to do, perhaps, would be to take a tour of a movie studio and have lunch at the studio commisary. So did I.

So when I called Nick Adams for an interview, and he suggested, "Let's have lunch at the Paramount commissary at 12:30," it took less than three seconds of deliberation to say "Fine"—and somehow I got there by 12:12 (all the better to get an advance look at the place).

I was stopped at the studio gate by a guard, but after he found my name on the appropriate list, I was permitted through and directed to a square, flat building about two city blocks from the entrance. I passed buildings which housed a barber shop, a tailor and a hairdresser, and reflected that you could live within the studio walls for a week quite comfortably.

The commissary, called the "Cafe Continental" at Paramount, is a square building one story high, with a small vestibule at the entrance. It looks like a tearoom, floored in shining linoleum, with square tables the size of bridge tables set up throughout the room, and wide aisles in between.



Jerry Lewis

A waitress directed me to a table, and handed me a menu: a large square of cardboard folded in half, printed in royal blue and bearing a Paramount crest across the front.

Nick Adams arrived to find me chuckling over the menu. "I think I'll have this," I said, pointing to: *Dean Martin Special, Egg Shells on Toast with Cracked Crab à la 5-Iron . . . 7 yen.* "In case you're running short of yen, you might want to try this," Nick laughed, pointing to: *Jerry Lewis Special, Breaded Tweed Jacket With Almond Sauce and Roasted, Lemon Juice with Peas and Canned Pot Roast . . . $7.00.* "That's just for the tourists. Here's the entry for the home folks," I declared, coming across another notation further down on the menu: *Jerry Lewis Salad (This Is For Real), Chopped Cucumber, Lettuce, Tomato, Celery, and Green Pepper with Special Dressing . . . $1.75.*

I studied the menu carefully, trying to make up my mind which of the stars' favorite dishes listed on the menu I would choose: deliberating between the relative merits of Turkey and Eggs à la Crosby, Spanish Omelette à la Alan (*Continued on page 12*)

NEW!

Shampoofs!

Helene Curtis

Shampoo plus egg

in the handiest packets you ever poofed

First purse-size shampoo for girls who go places . . . Helene Curtis Shampoo Plus Egg in spillproof, leakproof little plastic packets! Just nip off the tip and *poof* a Shampoof . . . two heady headfuls of rich, rich lather. See the Golden Plus of egg, nature's lusterizer, relight your highlights, whatever your hair color. Poof a *Shampoof* today . . . with Helene Curtis **shampoo plus egg** 2% T.M.



1 complete shampoo (2 luxury lathers) in every 10¢ packet. Card of 6, just 59¢. Also in handy beauty bottle, 59¢ and $1.

■ Twenty four hours after the boy had gotten up his nerve, and she'd smiled shyly and said, "Why I'd love to go dancing with you!", they were at the Cocoanut Grove, at a candle-shaded table. To a kid who, until very recently, had been more interested in athletics than girls, this was the life. It was also his very first date . . . alone and unchaperoned with A Girl!

In the interim he'd asked a friend, "How do you take a girl dancing for the first time?" Replied the friend, "Give her a gardenia, call for her in a taxi, dance with her, pay the bill, take her home in a taxi—and kiss her goodnight. It's that simple."

He'd bought the gardenia and it had gone over well. She was wearing it now, sitting across the table from him, but he couldn't see it any longer. Instead he was looking at the small silver tray with a discreetly turned-down white slip: the bill. And it was then that he discovered he had left his wallet at home!

For a breather, he asked for another dance, and when it was over he excused himself. The Maitre d'Hotel was sympathetic. He was a nice clean-cut youngster; he could sign the bill with his name and address and leave his gold wrist watch

ROBERT STACK'S CHARGE ACCOUNT

for collateral, to be redeemed next day. As for the girl, she was none the wiser.

But the worst was to come—he had no money for cab fare. As they alighted before her house, he muttered, "Wait for me," to the driver. Following them to the door, the driver's eyes bored holes in his back. At last the great moment for the kiss had arrived . . . and, of all moments, this was the one that had to be chaperoned! Awkwardly they shook hands, both murmuring thanks for a lovely evening, and he scuttled ignominiously back to the cab.

"Why didncha kiss her?" asked the cabbie disgustedly.

"Because," said Robert Stack, with sheer frustration in his voice, "you were watching, you kibitzer . . . and I couldn't pay you off and send you away, because I haven't any money . . . and the only way you're going to get your fare is to take me home and wait while I go up and get my wallet off my bureau."



(Continued from page 10)

Ladd (made with eggs from Alsulana Acres) and Strawberries Heston. Finally, in deference to my host, I decided to try "The Rebel" Special à la Nick Adams.

When we'd finished, I asked Nick if his wife could send me the recipe. She could, and she did. If you'd like to try it, serve it with toast and coffee, and charge yourself $1.60—just as they do at the Paramount commissary.

"THE REBEL" SPECIAL À LA NICK ADAMS

4 links small country sausage
2 eggs
dash salt
2 tablespoons milk
1 tablespoon butter
1 3-inch square slice of American or cheddar cheese

In a small skillet, prepare country sausages according to package directions. Set under a tiny flame to keep hot. Beat eggs well, add milk, salt, and beat again. In another skillet, melt the tablespoon of butter and add the well-beaten eggs. Cook over a low flame until eggs are set. Then fold each side one-third toward the center, so that edges overlap. Top with the slice of American cheese and place under the broiler until cheese melts. When done, slip the omelet on to a hot china plate, and place the sausages vertically across it.

And—in case you'd like to try some of the other stars' favorites on the Paramount menu—here's the way to do it.

STRAWBERRIES HESTON

1 container frozen strawberries (whole or sliced)
1 half-pint light sour cream
2 teaspoons honey
cinnamon

Defrost strawberries as per package directions. Divide into two portions. Top each portion with half of the sour cream. Add one teaspoon of honey to each portion, then dust with cinnamon. Serves 2. (In the Paramount commissary, fresh strawberries are served, but frozen strawberries are the next best thing.)

TURKEY AND EGGS À LA CROSBY

3 large slices leftover turkey
2 eggs
2 teaspoons milk or light sweet cream
salt
pepper

Butter an ovenproof dish. Place turkey in the casserole. Top with eggs which have been broken carefully so that yokes remain whole. Add salt and pepper, then sprinkle 1 teaspoon of milk or cream over each egg. Bake on the lower shelf of a moderate oven for ten minutes, or until eggs are set. Makes one serving.

SPANISH OMELETTE À LA ALAN LADD

2 eggs
2 tablespoons milk or light sweet cream
salt
1 tablespoon butter

Melt butter in a skillet. Beat eggs well, add milk and salt, and beat again. Cook over low heat until mixture is set. When it is an even consistency, fold over and top with Spanish Sauce.

SPANISH SAUCE

1 tablespoon butter
¼ chopped onion
¼ chopped green pepper
½ cup drained canned tomatoes

Brown onion in butter, add green pepper; cover and cook until soft. Add tomatoes. Cook till thoroughly heated. One serving.



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NEW MOVIES

by Florence Epstein

THE FUGITIVE KIND

the despair of Tennessee Williams

Marlon Brando
Joanne Woodward
Anna Magnani
Maureen Stapleton
Victor Jory

▪ No vague, symbolic metaphor obscures Tennessee Williams' philosophy in this film. With agonized (and sometimes boring) clarity he says: brutality and evil will sure enough conquer the world, there's no use fighting it. All we can do—in helplessness and nostalgia—is to value the few rare wild birds who fly into our world now and then, flutter their wings courageously against the downdraughts of evil and then die—violently, and in vain. The bird in *The Fugitive Kind* is Marlon Brando. He wears a snakeskin jacket, carries a guitar (his life's companion) and drifts, at thirty, into the life of storekeeper Anna Magnani. Anna is a bitter woman who never recovered from the fact that her father's house and grounds were burned out by unknown hoodlums of this very town. She's married to cruel Victor Jory who's just come home from the hospital to die. All of Williams' characters (except Brando and the ineffectual Maureen Stapleton) feel like victims and make no effort to get out of the muck they're in. Joanne Woodward can react to her life only by becoming a defiant tramp; she is always around (looking like an unkempt ghost) to lure Marlon back to his old ways. Resisting her (it isn't hard), he gives in to Anna's great need for warmth. Anna plans to open her "confectionery"—an outdoor cafe—on the very night that Jory is dying. By this time Brando is caught. Like a bird he flutters to fly away, but the forces of evil embodied by the town sheriff, the dying husband, the pervasive smell of rot, the strangling grip of town history, all serve to destroy him.—UNITED ARTISTS.

FIVE BRANDED WOMEN

love and war

Van Heflin
Sylvana Mangano
Harry Guardino
Vera Miles
Richard Basehart

▪ The very confused thinking in this movie is swept away, in the end, by such a stand for the dignity of man that you find yourself accepting unbelievable people in a story that seems to have been filmed for its sensational appeal. The story opens in occupied Yugoslavia where a Nazi officer (Steve Forrest) seduces one girl after another. The girls give in for various reasons—one wanted coal for the stove; another wanted to save her brother; another (Barbara Bel Geddes), come hell or high water, is determined to become a mother; still another (Sylvana Mangano) hates war and wants love. The five girls have their heads shaved (as punishment for making love to the Nazi soldier) and are expelled from the village. Hunger makes them tough (they steal); necessity (to protect herself from the unwanted advances of a soldier) makes Sylvana kill, and the next thing you know the girls have joined up with the guerrillas—after first being warned not to become involved with them in love affairs. Too bad Vera Miles (one of the branded girls) succumbs to Harry Guardino (one of the



In Tennessee Williams' The Fugitive Kind, Anna Magnani and Marlon Brando are two tortured characters who try to find happiness.

lusty guerrillas). They're both shot at dawn. One of the girls (not B. Bel Geddes) waits out her pregnancy in camp, while another (Jeanne Moreau) finds it very hard not to fall in love with a Nazi prisoner (Richard Basehart). Sylvana, fighting like a lion, takes part in a daring raid on her home town during a Nazi celebration. Heflin (and life) are beginning to teach her that violence, is sometimes necessary.—PARAMOUNT.

THE ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN

Eddie Hodges
Tony Randall
Mickey O'Shaughnessey
Andy Devine

american classic

■ Huckleberry Finn is admittedly a classic, but why people think it's for children remains a mystery. Huck is a child (Eddie Hodges), but they don't make them like that any more —thank goodness. He has more 'personality' almost than you can take—and crafty? Such a little liar has rarely been found the whole length of the Mississippi. His saving grace is that he lies for the sake of a greater truth and, also, to stay alive. His father (Neville Brand), a mean, miserable alcoholic who lives in a filthy shack, orders the two gentle ladies who've been harboring Huck to sell their slave, Jim (Archie Moore), for $500 and give him the money—or else give him Huck. Huck and Jim escape on a raft. Together they run into 'slicker' Tony Randall and his companion, Mickey O'Shaughnessey, who overpower the pair and use them to swindle a couple of young girls out of their inheritance. When, through Huck's efforts, Randall is exposed he promises to get even. Huck becomes a cabin boy on a riverboat and runs into Randall again. Learning that Randall plans to have Jim captured as a runaway, Huck and Jim swim to shore, where Huck talks their way into Andy Devine's circus (offering Jim as an exotic King of the Patagonians). Randall catches up again and this time bloodhounds are set after Jim. This is a lively picture of the Old South from the pen (although several times removed) of Mark Twain.—CINEMASCOPE. MGM.

HERCULES UNCHAINED

Steve Reeves
Sylva Koscina
Primo Carnera
Sylvia Lopez
Gabriele Antonini

ancient western

■ Rest assured you can bend Hercules (Steve Reeves) but you can't break him. He is a walking gymnasium, completely equipped. That may be why Queen Omphale (Sylvia Lopez) wants him for her king. This queen has one king after another. The reason Sylvia has access to so many kings is because there's a spring in the bottom of her garden which, if you drink of it, makes you forget everything. By the time Hercules has quenched his thirst he's surrounded by a bevy of beautiful handmaidens. This is dangerous because Hercules has just left a beautiful bride (Sylva Koscina) at Thebes and has a message he must deliver within three days to Mimmo Palmara. If Hercules doesn't get through, Mimmo and his horde of Argives will swoop down on Thebes and massacre its inhabitants. All because Mimmo's brother, who's been ruling Thebes for one year, has gone back on his word to let Mimmo rule the second year. Mimmo's brother, aside from being stubborn, is insane. He's been amusing himself by throwing tiger trainers into a pit with tigers. Well, now that the last trainer in Thebes has been slaughtered, he's willing to give up the throne to Mimmo—and that's the message of peace and goodwill that Hercules must deliver. But Hercules and his young companion Ulysses (Gabriele Antonini) weren't counting on magic spells to delay them. Wherever this picture was made it's certainly out of this world, which, I suppose, is its major charm.—EASTMAN COLOR, WARNER BROS.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES:

PLEASE DON'T EAT THE DAISIES (MGM): Doris Day and David Niven have a healthy family of four boys, and a happy marriage. They do, that is, until David leaves his teaching job to become a drama critic. It seems a critic worries over whether he's got any real friends, and his wife worries about all those actresses. But, the problems here are small enough so everybody has a good time.

TALL STORY (Warners): On this college campus is co-ed Jane Fonda who doesn't know anything about basketball except that she wants to marry the team star, Tony Perkins. The money they need to get married is offered Tony if he'll throw a game against a visiting Russian team. Tony's conscience and his professor (Ray Walston) are active participants in the teamwork.

CAN-CAN (Todd A-O, 20th-Fox): In the Paris of the mid-nineties, the illegal can-can dance might be seen in Shirley MacLaine's cabaret (if the gendarmes had been bribed). If they hadn't, Shirley might be seen before Judge Maurice Chevalier. Frank Sinatra and Louis Jourdan, both lawyers, get involved legally and romantically. Cole Porter's music and the dancing of Juliet Prowse and Shirley are a few delightful ingredients in this Parisian cake.



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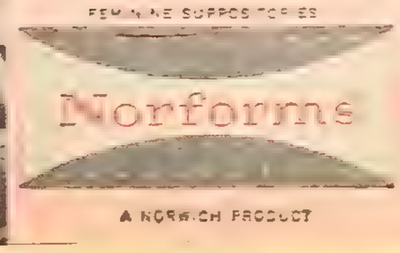
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JULY BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in July, your birthstone is the ruby and your flower is the larkspur. And here are some of the stars who share it with you:

July 1—**Leslie Caron**
Olivia DeHavilland
Charles Laughton

July 3—**George Sanders**

July 4—**Gina Lollobrigida**
Eva Marie Saint
Stephen Boyd
George Murphy

July 6—**Janet Leigh**
Luana Patten

July 9—**Bob Hope**

July 10—**Jeff Donnell**
Nick Adams
Edd Byrnes
William Smithers

July 11—**Yul Brynner**
Tab Hunter

July 13—**Sidney Blackmer**

July 14—**Nancy Olson**
Dale Robertson

July 15—**Phil Carey**
Murvyn Vye

July 16—**Barbara Stanwyck**
Milly Vitale

July 18—**Red Skelton**
Chill Wills

July 19—**Patricia Medina**

July 20—**Natalie Wood**

July 22—**Perry Lopez**

July 23—**Gloria DeHaven**
Michael Wilding

July 25—**Walter Brennan**

July 27—**Keenan Wynn**

July 29—**Richard Egan**
Robert Fuller
Stephen McNally

July 30—**Jacques Sernas**


Farley Granger
July 1


Polly Bergen
July 14


Ginger Rogers
July 16


William Powell
July 29

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by
HOLLYWOOD'S
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LOUELLA PARSONS

in this issue:

The Academy Awards

Oscar Parties

Kim In Love







Liz Taylor had hopes of winning the best actress award, but when she lost to Simone Signoret she smiled bravely and graciously congratulated her and her husband Yves Montand.

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*



Natalie Wood graced Oscar Night with a new hair-do and a $650 gown.



Janet Leigh's gold-bead gown weighed 21 pounds.



Anna Maria Alberghetti's gown cost $1,000!



Doris Day's slim sheath was also a $1,000 dazzler.

Highlights of the Academy Awards

Simone Signoret was almost ill from nerves—she was shaking all over and her hair was sticking to her forehead—an hour after she received her Oscar. When I congratulated her at the Ball at the Beverly Hilton, she looked like she'd been under a sprinkler and kept saying, "Thank you, Madame—I am so excited now I have forgotten all my English—and I practice so hard."

Every time **Charlton Heston** (who had *not* expected to win) stood up at his table to receive congratulations, he'd grab his Oscar in one hand, then lean down and give Lydia (Mrs. H.) another kiss. No wife was ever so thoroughly bussed in public by an Oscar winner! . . .

The gowns were the most costly ever worn to an Oscar night: **Natalie Wood**'s short and stunning chalk-white jewel-embroidered creation cost $650, with an added $75 for her shoes made of the same material . . . **Doris Day**'s floor-length sheath, solidly encrusted with silver-white bugle beads, cost $1,000; **Janet Leigh**'s nude chiffon on which were crocheted 186,000 gold bugle beads, weighed twenty-one pounds and was so expensive she won't tell how much—but it was *plenty*.

Another magnificent gown in the $1,000 bracket was **Anna Maria Alberghetti**'s all-over jewelled white Italian brocade with sheath front and great overskirt.

And, three-time loser **Liz Taylor** (I must say she was a gracious loser and most complimentary about the winners) didn't pick up that Grecian styled white French jersey with its white mink-lined jacket for peanuts. When I stopped by Elizabeth's table, she was smiling—but **Eddie Fisher** wasn't.

Speaking of clothes, the ecstatically happy **Shelley Winters** ("I waited fifteen years for this Oscar") said she didn't know how to dress. "I didn't know whether to go 'low and sexy' or covered-up and dignified," said Shelley, so she settled for a conservative black lace and jersey. She told me that her husband **Tony Franciosa**, her mother, daughter and thirty friends yelled and screamed so much watching the show from New York that a neighbor called the police!

The biggest and most spontaneous hand from the audience inside the Pantages Theater went to **Olivia De Havilland**, the lovely young Hollywood 'veteran' returning from France to make one of the presentations. Many onlookers felt it was a bigger hand than went to **Ingrid Bergman** when she was a top returnee.

Stephen Boyd (who should have had a nomination for *Ben-Hur* and didn't) almost vaulted over the railing when Charlton Heston arrived at the banquet and was one of the first to congratulate the winner.

Although Steve's date at the Ball was lovely Romney Tree (from his native Belfast) he was overheard whispering to someone at his table, "Have you seen **Hope Lange** here?" She had been at the theater—but I don't believe she came to the Ball.

Beaming *Ben-Hur director* William Wyler had lipstick all over his face and after I added some of my own I asked if he would like it wiped off, "Oh, *no*!" he protested. "It's been too much fun getting it there."

And so, another of Hollywood's biggest nights goes into the history books.



Charlton Heston never let go of that Oscar as he and his lovely Lydia read congratulations.



Yves Montand is so proud of his Simone Signoret; she was so excited at winning the best actress award she forgot her English!



Shelley Winters waited 15 years for this Oscar; she couldn't wait to phone her daughter.



Lovely Romney Tree from Ireland tried to cheer up her date Stephen Boyd, who should have had a nomination for Ben-Hur *but didn't.*

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued

Rock's Off Again

We won't be seeing **Rock Hudson** around these parts for about a year—(not that we see him too often when he's here). If there ever was a social recluse it's Rock who prefers to spend his time on his boat to any gala event Hollywood has to offer.

When you read this he will be in Mexico making *Day of the Gun* with **Kirk Douglas** although for a minute or two it looked as if Rock might balk at this. Didn't think his role was big enough and wasn't too keen about a Western.

But whatever troubles there were were smoothed out to Rock's satisfaction and off he went for the long and arduous location jaunt. After this, Italy to do *Come September* with **Gina Lollobrigida** and then Java for U-I's *Spiral Rock*.

So long, Rock. Drop us a card now and then —particularly if you meet any pretty girls who interest you.



Rock's so busy he won't be around for a while . . . first stop: Mexico.



Kim says her own true 'heart' is Director Dick Quine. She's doubly excited at prospects of appearing at a Command Performance and seeing Dick again.

This Is My Only Love

Kim Novak never spoke as frankly to me about her real feelings as she did before leaving for London to meet Richard Quine and to attend the Command Performance of *Once More With Feeling*.

"Dick (Quine) is the only man I love," said Kim—the first time she has ever made such a statement about any of the many beaux who have pursued her.

"So you may be married in London?" I put in quickly while she seemed to be in this mood of letting her hair down.

"I don't know, honestly," she replied. "There are so many things to think about. Marriage, to me, is such an irrevocable step. I have never been married before—and it keeps turning over in my mind 'Is this the right thing—is this the right thing?' "

"But if you love Dick so much and I know he loves you—what is the chief stumbling block?" I knew one of the answers to that question myself although I did not bring it up to Kim. In her quiet way, she holds her religion dear and Dick is a divorced man.

But her answer was, "Dick and I are both career people. He is just as wrapped up in his directing as I am in acting. And I'm not sure two careers under one roof really mix."

"They sometimes do, and very successfully," I said.

Kim laughed, "And sometimes they *don't*!" But believe me, she made no bones about being a happy girl that she was again seeing the good-looking Dick who is in England completing *The World of Suzie Wong*.

She was also excited about the beautiful gown Edith Head had created for her to wear to the Command Performance. It's white lace, over Kim's favorite color of lavendar, embroidered in tiny violets.



Dorothy and Jacques are just delighted over new daughter Mimi.

A Girl for Dorothy and Jacques

Just let me congratulate myself that I have a Saturday or Sunday morning to sleep late and sure enough a baby gets born, somebody else gets a divorce, or a couple that jolly well might have done it a week-day—elopes!

But **Dorothy Malone** was so overjoyed when she called me from St. John's Hospital that she and **Jacques Bergerac** were the parents of a brand new baby girl—"A real beauty," the proud mother enthused, "and her name is Mimi"—I didn't care about being roused from my sound sleep.

Mimi was due as an Easter present—but arrived three weeks early much to the delight of Dorothy and Jacques.



George Hamilton was with Susan Kohner, who looked exotic.



June's new hair-do got many reactions but Fred likes *it!*



A very handsome Rossano Brazzi gallantly raises his glass to toast his wife, at an 'Oscar' party they attended.



Olivia DeHavilland looked like a vision in white lace. She is a very, very happy girl these days.

Parties . . . Parties every night

The Academy Awards always inspire a lot of social activity and the week before Oscar-night was a big one for lovely affairs.

Olivia De Havilland's old friends vied with each other to welcome her—and her handsome journalist husband Pierre Galante back to her old home town after so many years of living in France.

At the dinner given by the Lew Schreibers, Livvy looked like a vision in white lace with that authentic Paris look. But it takes real inner happiness to give a gal that glow Olivia wears these days—and she is *very* happy with Pierre.

Natalie Wood and **Bob Wagner** were there—excited about their coming-up trip to New York with **Liz** and **Eddie Fisher.** Natalie was 'previewing' the new hairdo she later wore to the Academy Awards, short and straight with a sweep of bangs across her forehead.

This same night MGM production head Sol Siegel and his wife hosted a joint birthday party honoring Sol and Mrs. Walter Lang. It was so amusing to note that William Wyler (everyone was sure he was a cinch for best-director Oscar for *Ben-Hur* which, of course, he won) kept reminding people "there's many a slip, etc. . . ." whenever he was congratulated in 'advance.'

Rossano Brazzi and his Lidia were there and if there's a more handsome man than Rossano I don't know who he is—much more handsome than he photographs, I think.

Several people kept telling **June Haver MacMurray** that they liked her better as a blonde than with her new black hair but the man who matters, **Fred MacMurray**, voted for the brunette June—and with her, that's all that counts.

Groucho Marx, with cigar of course, was in a serious frame of mind about affairs in and out of Hollywood and cracked no jokes.

The Sunday night before the Oscars, another party was given for Olivia and Pierre by Frank McCarthy and Rupert Allen at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Saw many of the same guests we had seen at previous affairs—but a standout was **Hope Lange**, who is really a beauty. She hasn't been dating much since her separation from **Don Murray**—but if the smitten bachelors in this town have their way she soon will be.

Following this cocktail party, Jimmy McHugh and I went on to the home of Joan (Mrs. Harry) Cohn who was entertaining at a dinner honoring **Laurence Harvey**, and later giving her guests a look at his British-made comedy *Expresso Bongo.*

This really looked like a preview of the Oscar contestants—so many were present and wishing each other well (with their fingers crossed, I suppose).

Elizabeth Taylor and **Eddie Fisher** had just flown in that morning from New York and I saw them chatting with **Simone Signoret**—both ladies in the running for best-actress prize.

Pretty, fresh-looking **Susan Kohner** (herself contending in best supporting-actress) was there with **George Hamilton**—who else?

Susan was done up in a most exotic style—a truly beautiful oriental costume.

Laurence Harvey and Liz and Eddie had much to talk about as all three are stars of the (strike) interrupted *Butterfield 8* and at that time they were wondering when they would be back at work again. (Come ten days later.)

Yes, Oscar time is a big season in Hollywood.

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*



Newlyweds Doris, and Yul Brynner.

Love 'n' Marriages

Love 'n' marriages sprung up with Spring—some of them really surprising.

Debra Paget, a belle who is usually pretty cool-headed, married director Budd Boetticher after knowing him just two weeks (and separated after three weeks of marriage). Everyone *had* thought that Budd might reconcile with his former girl, **Karen Steele**, for the 'umpteenth time. He and Karen had a stormy and consistent romance for several years—even if he did toss her in the swimming pool with her clothes on, on several occasions.

Equally surprising—redheaded **Rhonda Fleming** knew good-looking TV actor **Lang Jeffries** just three months when she lived up to her Leap Year threat and took herself a husband. "I've been searching for love and companionship and I found it in Lang," explained Rhonda after her elopement to Las Vegas to tie the knot.

But no one lifted an eyebrow when the flash came out of Mexico that bald-headed lover **Yul Brynner** had interrupted work on *The Magnificent Seven* to marry Doris Kleiner, the young and beautiful non-professional who has been his constant companion ever since Yul's marriage to **Virginia Gilmore** went on the rocks.

You might say ditto for director Otto Preminger who took time off shooting *Exodus* in Haifa, Israel, to marry the stunning looking brunette (also young) Hope Bryce. Preminger, too, had to sit out a divorce from wife Mary which threatened at one time to furnish explosive charges. Luckily, they didn't come off.

Young and popular **Michael Callan**, the boy who scored in *They Came to Cordura*, his first film after registering a hit on Broadway in *West Side Story*, kept the secret for five weeks that he had taken **Corlyn Chapman** as his bride in Las Vegas on March 5th. At one time Corlyn was thought to be in love with and about to marry **Vic Damone.**



Third marriage for Rhonda Fleming.



Also Hope Bryce and Otto Preminger.

Why did she and Mike keep their marriage a secret? Who knows? Maybe for the old-fashioned reason that he thought the movie fans might like him better as a bachelor.

But he didn't keep up the pretense for very long. When his contract studio, Columbia, asked him to fly up to Phoenix for the premiere of *Because They're Young*, a press agent said he would reserve an extra room for Mike's girl, Corlyn.

Whereon young Mr. Callan knocked the p.a. cold by replying, "Oh, we'll only need one room. Corlyn has been my wife for over a month!"



Mickey Callan's secret's out: Corlyn.



Debra's second marriage lasted 3 weeks.



I nominate for STARDOM

Nancy Kwan

The twenty-year-old porcelain-china doll who not only replaced unhappy and temperamental **France Nuyen** in *The World of Suzie Wong* but *is Suzie*—according to movie producer Ray Stark.

So enchanting is this Hong-Kong-born charmer in her very first picture that **William Holden**, no softie about star billing, has cheerfully consented to the co-star tag going to Nancy.

What isn't too generally known is that Ray Stark had considered Nancy for the role of the 'yum-yum' girl in his film before anyone else. Then he decided he needed a 'name;' also France Nuyen had played it on Broadway. But when France blew a fuse—it didn't take him long to remember Nancy and summon her to London.

"No, I was not surprised," Nancy said, over the trans-Atlantic phone, in excellent English. "A seer had told me the role would be mine—and we Orientals believe in the words of seers. All the time Miss Nuyen was working in *Suzie* I was preparing myself, studying, making ready for the call!" (How do you like *that*?)

Although she was born in Hong Kong of an English mother and Chinese architect father (since divorced), Nancy was educated in England and studied with the Royal Ballet for two years. Later, she studied drama under Salka Viertel in Hollywood and after France Nuyen left the stage cast of *The World of Suzie Wong*, Nancy stepped in as an understudy of the star who replaced Miss Nuyen.

When the show took to the road, Nancy was scheduled to step into the star spot in Toronto—but before she could don her costume for the opening night, the magic call came from London—the role of the movie *Suzie* was hers!

By the way—that same fortune teller said she would be married at the age of twenty-two. "I don't know *who*," she said, "but I guess I will!"

Shirley's Big Plans

Talked with **Shirley MacLaine** the day she returned from Japan where she had been with Steve Parker and where she entered little Sachie in a Japanese school for six months.

"I just don't know how I'll get along without her," wailed Shirley about her little red-headed carbon copy of a daughter. "I miss her so much already I could break out crying. But it's only fair to Steve that Sachie should be with him some of the time, particularly when he's been so ill."

Shirley said she had gone to Japan for a second honeymoon with Steve whose movie production work keeps him in the Orient. "Instead he was in the hospital so very ill with hepatitis," she said. "He was there all the time I was in Tokyo. The only good thing about it is that I could be with Steve when he needed me most."

It tickles Shirley that Sachie is learning to speak Japanese in the school she is attending "and the way she's going—she'll be talking like a native by the time I return."

Missy MacLaine would not have returned to Hollywood except that she was due to start her new Hal Wallis picture with **Dean Martin**, *All in a Night's Work*.

When this is completed, she planes back to Tokyo immediately to stay for a long time while she stars in an independent picture her husband will produce.



Shirley MacLaine is tickled at the way her little mimic Sachie is learning Japanese. Sachie will soon be talking like a native—and have to teach mama.



It's sad that the promise Audie Murphy made his wife didn't hold true.

A Surprising Separation

While we are in the Vital Statistics Department—the only surprising parting was that of **Audie Murphy**, America's most-decorated World War II hero and well-known star, and his wife of nine years Pamela Archer. Audie married the former airline hostess soon after his divorce from **Wanda Hendrix** and Audie and Pam have two children.

This was the second time the Murphys had parted—but the reason I say this second rift came as a surprise is because of what Audie said when they reconciled: "I'm the happiest man in the world that Pam took me back. We won't separate again."

Sadly, that promise didn't hold true.

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued



An irate fan is really bitter about Liz not winning an Oscar for Suddenly.



Hope Lange may not be Stephen Boyd's (left) next wife—she hasn't filed yet.



Tuesday Weld is dressing better now and combing her hair.



LETTER BOX

Hollywood continues to show its mean narrow-mindedness by again refusing to vote ***Elizabeth Taylor*** *the Oscar she so richly deserved,* writes MRS. MABEL CUMMINGS, SALT LAKE CITY, who is really bitter about Liz not winning for SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER. *What kind of thinking is it that blames Miss Taylor for being a party to a marital break-up and then salutes a foreign star who was forced to make explanations that she is not a Communist sympathizer?* Yours is not the only letter I received along these lines, Mrs. C. . . .

GEORGE CODY, CENTERVILLE, IOWA, asks: *Does the fact that a movie star becomes a success on TV mean that she is through on the screen? I refer to my two favorites* ***Loretta Young*** *and* ***Donna Reed*** *who appear to have abandoned movies since TV.* Both of your favorites are in popular series which run thirty-nine weeks annually, George. Doesn't leave much time for movie making. . . .

I cannot give my name because I might lose my job. But I am in a position to know the exact amount of money brought into the box office by certain pictures last year—and what a shame it is that ***Rosalind Russell*** *and* ***Lana Turner*** *were left off 'the first 10 at the box office.' Rosalind's* AUNTIE MAME *did $9,000,000 domestic gross and Lana Turner's* IMITATION OF LIFE *did $6,500,000 domestic gross—and I can assure you that this business is greater than that pulled in by five stars on the official list—(signed)* ANONYMOUS. Those figures are most interesting. . . .

PENELOPE, PHILADELPHIA, wants to know—*Why doesn't someone ever say anything about the male stars who are overweight and yet keep on poking at the girls like* ***Judy Holliday, Shelley Winters, Zsa Zsa Gabor.*** *How about* ***Tony Curtis, Eddie Fisher, Raymond Burr*** *and some other gents who could shed some poundage?*

I have a T.L. for you, writes VIV WAGNER, 17, NEW YORK. *I met Fabian coming out of Church last month and asked him if he thought Hollywood columnists were fair and square to young singers? He said 'Yes' and spoke of you as being the one the younger generation feels is a real friend. Nice?* Certainly is, VIV, and nice of you to repeat it to me . . .

MAXIE SONDHEIM, BROOKLYN, writes: *Now that* ***Tuesday Weld*** *is dressing better and trying to improve her former scatterbrained antics, why do you continue to write about her as 'mixed-up'?* Didn't know I had since she started wearing shoes and combing her hair.

You seem much more partial to ***Fabian, Ricky Nelson*** *and* ***Frankie Avalon*** *than you do to the one and only* ***Elvis Presley,*** chides ANNA MCDONALD, HOUSTON. Oh, come on—I'm going to argue this, Anna. No one has called more attention to the fine way Elvis conducted himself in the service and given him more compliments than I. True I am very fond of Fabian and the others you mention but I'll never agree that I've neglected Elvis. . . .

POLLY M., SAN DIEGO, says she is a hairdresser in one of the leading hotels and comments on the hair-dos of the belles on the Academy Award TV show: ***Natalie Wood*** *had the sharpest hair style—a knockout. Ditto* ***Doris Day.*** *Also* ***Barbara Rush.*** *There was a nice absence of that long, outdated shoulder length style that hasn't been good since* ***Rita Hayworth*** *was a starlet. . . .*

Is ***Hope Lange*** *going to be the next Mrs.* ***Steve Boyd***? is the thunderbolt query sent by ADA CONDONITO, BROOKLYN. All I can say is don't hold your breath—Hope hasn't filed for divorce from **Don Murray** yet.

That's all for now. See you next month.

Louella O. Parsons



Knockout hair styles: on Doris (above), Nat (center) and Barbara (below).





NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK





Fashion Coral

The new light, bright fashion tones, Fashion Coral and Fashion Orchid

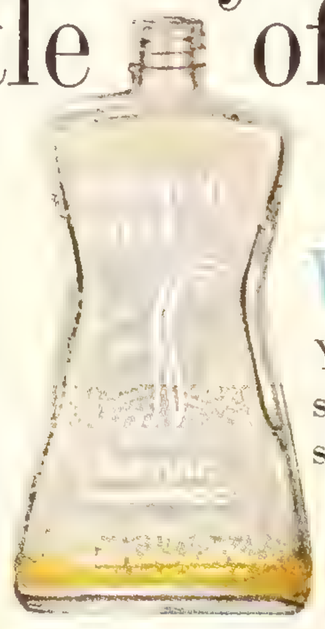
American designers have a way with color... American women have a talent for wearing it. Ask Paul Whitney, noted California designer. Ask Sarmi, famous New York fashion creator. Each has a flair for color. Each has used that flair to interpret for you the new all-American lipstick and polish shades by Cutex. "Fashion Coral" done in taffeta by Paul Whitney. "Fashion Orchid" translated into chiffon by Sarmi. "Colors Americana," the new light, bright fashion tones for your lips and finger nails!



Fashion Orchid



These 9 lovely hairstyles* came out of this one bottle of protein waving shampoo



wash 'n curl by Lanolin Plus $1.50 plus tax

THE GREATEST DISCOVERY SINCE THE HOME PERMANENT!

Yes, nine shampoos! Less than 17¢ a hairstyle! Each model's hair was washed, suds left for five minutes, then just rinsed and set. You, too, can shampoo and set in waves and curls like these. And Wash 'n Curl cleans, shines and conditions as it curls. Your hairstyle will last from shampoo to shampoo!

**FREE booklet of these easy-to-do hairstyles by Enrico Caruso with each bottle of WASH 'N CURL.*

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ANY PUBLICATION MARILYN MONROE FRANKLY DISCUSSES HER PRIVATE LIFE WITH HER HUSBAND



turn the page for Louella Parsons' exciting, news-breaking scoop about Marilyn's "family secret"...



.....I am going to adopt a baby

Ask any movie star, or practically any woman, the highly personal questions I put to Marilyn Monroe and you'd probably get a "It's none of your business" retort—or even a fast "Get lost."

Even to someone you've known as long as I have Marilyn, you might hesitate to ask:

Do you think you would be as madly in love with your husband if he weren't who he is—the brilliant and world-famed playwright, Arthur Miller?

Which of you is boss in your marriage?

Isn't it true that he babies, pampers and pets you like a child?

Do you feel close to his children by a former marriage?

Are you a married movie queen—or do you make a serious effort to be a real homemaker for your husband?

If your deepest wish is denied and you never have a child of your own—would you adopt one?

Do you think your frequent illnesses before the start and during the shooting of a movie are psychosomatic?

These, my friends and fans of MODERN SCREEN, are some of the blunt questions I put to my friend of many years, Marilyn Monroe, the world's most famous blonde darling.

And, to end the suspense, she answered them and others, with intelligence, humor, understanding and the complete honesty that has marked our relationship ever since I first met her, a devastingly beautiful and mixed-up girl trying for (*Continued on page 64*)

Whatever
happened to
those
nice kids
down
the block?

Sharing a love
for God and a love
for humanity.
Don Murray and Hope Lange
married and had children.
It was easy
for everyone to love them
since they loved
each other.
Who dreamed it would
all end in misery?





■ On the night of the Foreign Press Awards last March Hope and Don Murray looked absolutely radiant as they walked past the barrage of cameramen in the corridor of the Ambassador Hotel.

They smiled happily at one another, gazed into each other's eyes fondly and gaily quipped with the newsmen.

They looked as though they were newlyweds instead of the parents of two children, about to celebrate their fourth wedding anniversary.

They looked anything except what they were.

Finished.

They were invited to be among the presenters of the Golden Globes for many reasons.

Because they were two popular and talented young stars.

Because they were a rare example of a normal happily married couple in an industry where divorce and dissension are too common.

And because they had devoted so much of themselves and their salaries to help displaced European refugees.

(*Continued on page 74*)



HOW MUCH

HOW MUCH

HOW MUCH

HOW MUCH DO MY CHILDREN REALLY NEED ME?

This letter is one of many I have received from young mothers who feel they should work: Dear Janet: I married when I was seventeen and had my baby on my eighteenth birthday. Jackie is now three and I would like to go back to work. I have a wonderful husband, but with the high cost of living, his salary never seems quite enough. I can go back to my old job with the insurance company, but some of my friends say that if I do my little boy will suffer. You're a working mother and you have two beautiful children. I've read about them in the magazines. But the magazines haven't told me what I want most to know. How can a girl work without her children suffering? Have you ever been sorry, Janet, that you're a working mother? Are you ever resentful of the time you have been away from them? What do you do when one of your little girls suddenly becomes ill when you are working? And most of all, do you think the children feel that they are cheated? Can you work and still be a real mother to your child? Please tell me, (*Continued on page 80*)

Candid confessions of a "WORKING MOTHER"

by Janet Leigh



Liz in Jamaica, a woman
relaxed and content in
an island paradise. Househunting,
beachcombing, Liz feels,
"This is our first honeymoon.
The two of us alone and in love
with nothing in the world
to fear

. . . but, is Liz afraid to have a baby with Eddie?

It was morning in Jamaica . . . Liz and Eddie lay on the rock, their tiny private island, a few yards out from the beach, half a mile or so from the big hotel. They'd discovered the rock early in their stay of this, their second honeymoon, that really felt like their *first* honeymoon. That rock had become *theirs*, the place where they would come after breakfast-and-a-quick-swim and where they would soak up the sun and relax and where—with nothing but the sea in front of them, the sky above them—they could be alone for a while, completely, completely alone.

Usually they would lie on their rock and they would talk—Liz doing most of the talking, actually; talking about what they'd done the night before, whom they'd met, how the people they'd met had impressed her, what they might do this night, what she'd probably wear . . . traditional and unadulterated wife-talk.

While Eddie, the husband, would nod traditional husbandly uh-huhs and yesses to what Liz was saying, and would even doze off occasionally, only to be awakened by a handful of sea water smack in his face and a playful warning (sometime accompanied by a kiss, sometimes by a poke in the shoulder) that if he dozed off again he would find himself "swimming underwater" — as Liz liked to call it.

(*Continued on page 65*)



New! *Now more than ever*

Kotex is confidence

Kotex napkins now give you a new, incredibly soft covering.

These softer, tapered napkins have pleated ends for a smoother fit.

And the Kimlon center provides far better, longer-lasting protection.



KOTEX and KIMLON are registered trademarks of [illegible] U.S.A. Corp.

the terrible price I paid to be a star * A DARING UNCENSORED CONFESSION BY ROCK HUDSON * The First Of its kind Ever Printed In an American Magazine *

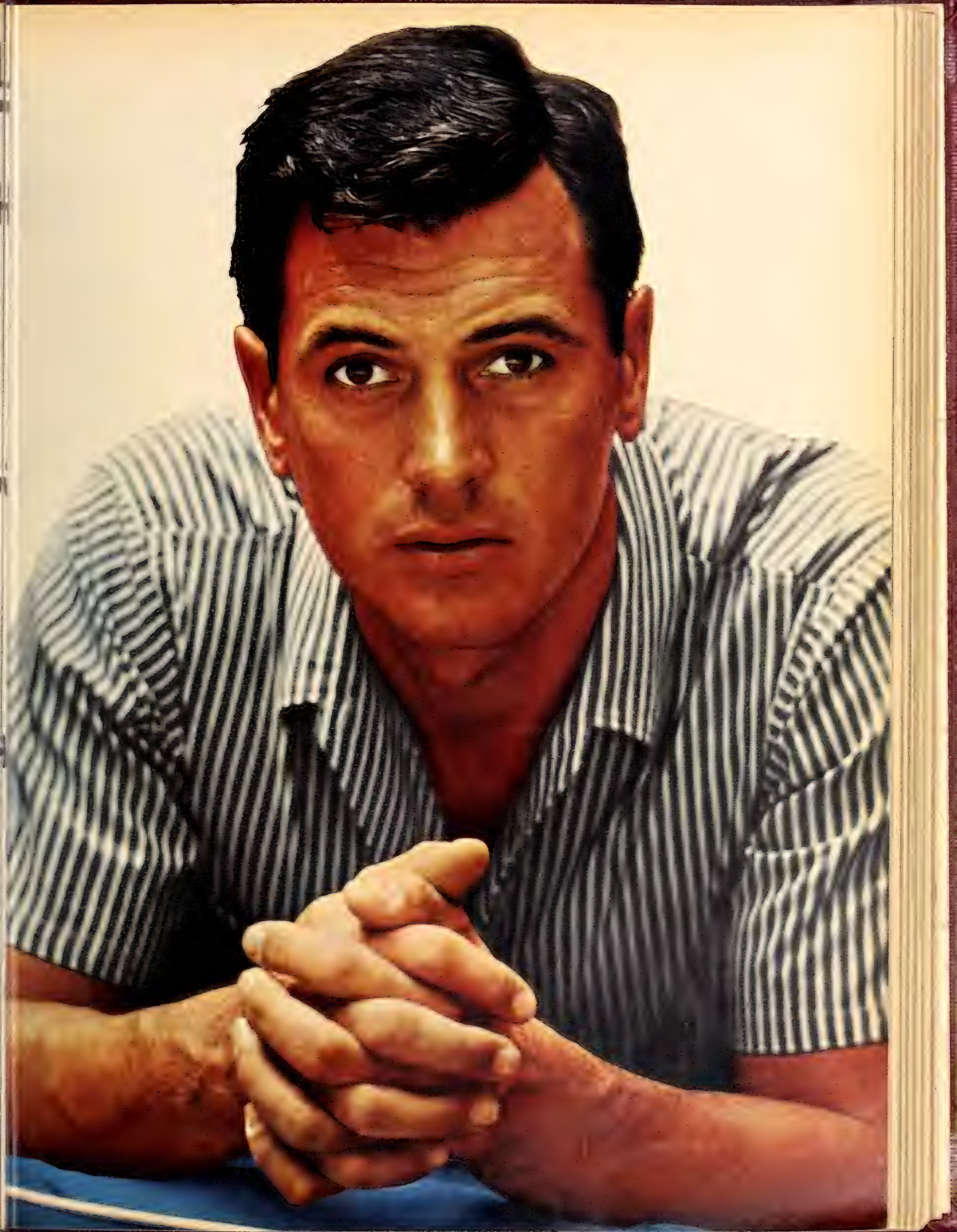
as told to Richard G. Hubler

■ I can say at this point—aged 34—that I'm a success in my profession but I'm not a success to myself.

I've been a movie actor for ten years and a star for nine. I've appeared in 40 pictures whose budgets have easily run over a total of $80,000,000—about 20 times the amount paid all of the presidents of the United States.

Out of this total, I've received a gross salary of about $250,000 for myself. But for the various studios in the past ten years, I've earned above $50,000,000. Figures prove it. And that at least makes me marketable if not marvelous.

My income goes 90 percent to the United States government, after ten per cent is taken out by my agent (*Continued on page 76*)



THE HAUNTED HONEYMOON

■ "It is a laughter-filled city, my Copenhagen," Evy Norlund would tell Jimmy Darren before their marriage, as they would sit and plan their honeymoon. "You wait and see, Jimmy—and listen," she would say. "You will hear the laughter from all over . . . From the couples sitting in the Tivoli gardens, holding hands, sipping their beers, hearing the band music that comes from behind the trees . . . from the calliope. From the youngsters who sweep by you on their bicycles, so carefree and gay . . . From the waiters in the big restaurants, on the *Bredgade,* who are so pleased to see you that they laugh . . . Laughter . . . From everyone but the tiny mermaid who sits sadly in the harbor watching the boats go by. And *she* does not laugh, only because she is a statue, and because she is sad not to be alive in Copenhagen. Like the others. . . ."

Jimmy had looked forward to Copenhagen, to all these gay, happy sights.

...A honeymoon should be private
but everywhere Jimmy and Evy Darren went
a small ghost went with them...

He'd looked forward to marrying Evy, of course, Evy whom he

(*Continued on page 62*)



"Where are you, Eddie, I need you!"



Suddenly, one night just a few weeks ago, their little boy's life was in danger. How could Debbie decide alone whether to let them operate? Frantically, she called Eddie—but there was no answer...

■ "Operator, are you sure there's no answer?" There was fear in Debbie's voice. She could barely make out the voice of the operator in Jamaica in the British West Indies, but she just had to get through to Eddie. "This call is so important. Please try him again. . . ."

Down the hall Debbie could hear the sound of her little boy crying. Todd had been in great pain for some hours now, and she was quite beside herself. She'd noticed the little boy, always so bouncy, hadn't been himself tonight. He hadn't been able to eat his dinner and he'd begun to whimper, something her little two-year-old seldom did.

When his cries had continued, she'd called the doctor. What the doctor told her came as a shock to her. "Todd needs surgery—the sooner the better."

At a moment like this, a woman hates to be alone. No operation is ever a minor affair. Even if it's 'minor surgery,' anything can happen under (*Continued on page 60*)

THE SMALL WORLD OF MR. BIG

■ *The assignment: To find out what Bobby Darin, the controversial, much-written-about singer, is* really *like. The place: Bobby's home, in Lake Hiawatha, New Jersey, thirty-five miles from New York City, where he lives with his sister, Mrs. Nina Maffey; her husband, Charlie; and their three children—Vivi, sixteen; Vana, twelve; and Gary, four. The time: A Saturday morning, a few weeks ago.* . . . "He's asleep—in there," Bobby's sister said, as she tiptoed us through the living room and into the kitchen, pointing to a door along the way. "But don't get him wrong. He's not doing this because he doesn't want to talk to you, or to make a big-shot effect. A phony my brother is not—no matter what some other people say and write about him. It's just that his plane was six hours late and he got in a little while ago, and the way he looked —he *needed* to get to bed for a while. But he'll be up soon." "And you know what he'll do?" asked a girl, seated at the kitchen table, looking through a batch of letters, obviously fan mail arrived that morning. "He'll come out here all groggy-eyed, with nothing

(*Continued on page 68*)





obby's little nephew Gary sings just ke him.



His niece Vivi wants to be famous, too.

His sister, Mrs. Nina Maffey, tries to take the place of his mother.



The family all together at suppertime, that's really living.

Bobby Darin's been called the most conceited guy in showbusiness. Is he really? C'mon along with us to a humble little cottage on Lake Hiawatha, New Jersey, and be the first to meet the real BD



You are not a cold girl....



You are not a thoughtless girl....

THE MISTAKE



Why then are you coldly and thoughtlessly making....

OF YOUR LIFE



On your big hometown day, all Bayonne turned out in your honor.

But your father and five-year-old brother waited hopeless hours for a phone call that never came.

AN OPEN LETTER TO SANDRA DEE



This was the day for reunions. You hugged your grandfather and great-grandfather.



You spent precious minutes with your Aunt and cousins . . . all your mother's relatives.



This day, your former priest came to the house to have a warm talk with you.



Young Brownies from your old girl scout troop came to bring you a rose bouquet.



And you and your mother were excited by the reception at your old public school.



Sandra, you even found some time to try and cheer a shy little stranger.

On the day of your greatest triumph you had time for Aunts and Uncles, girl scouts and policemen, priests and strangers...but not a moment for the two human beings whose hearts you were breaking.

■ Dear Sandra,

You broke two hearts one day not long ago.

Your father's heart, and the heart of a little boy named Kenny—Kenny, whom you've never met, your five-year-old half-brother.

You came back to your hometown of Bayonne, New Jersey, that day—Tuesday, March 22. You spent more than twelve hours there, an official guest of the city; a girl who had left a few years earlier, a nobody, and who returned now to be hailed as Everybody's Darling . . . rich, famous, beautiful. You greeted, said hello to, waved to an estimated 11,000 people that day.

(Continued on page 70)

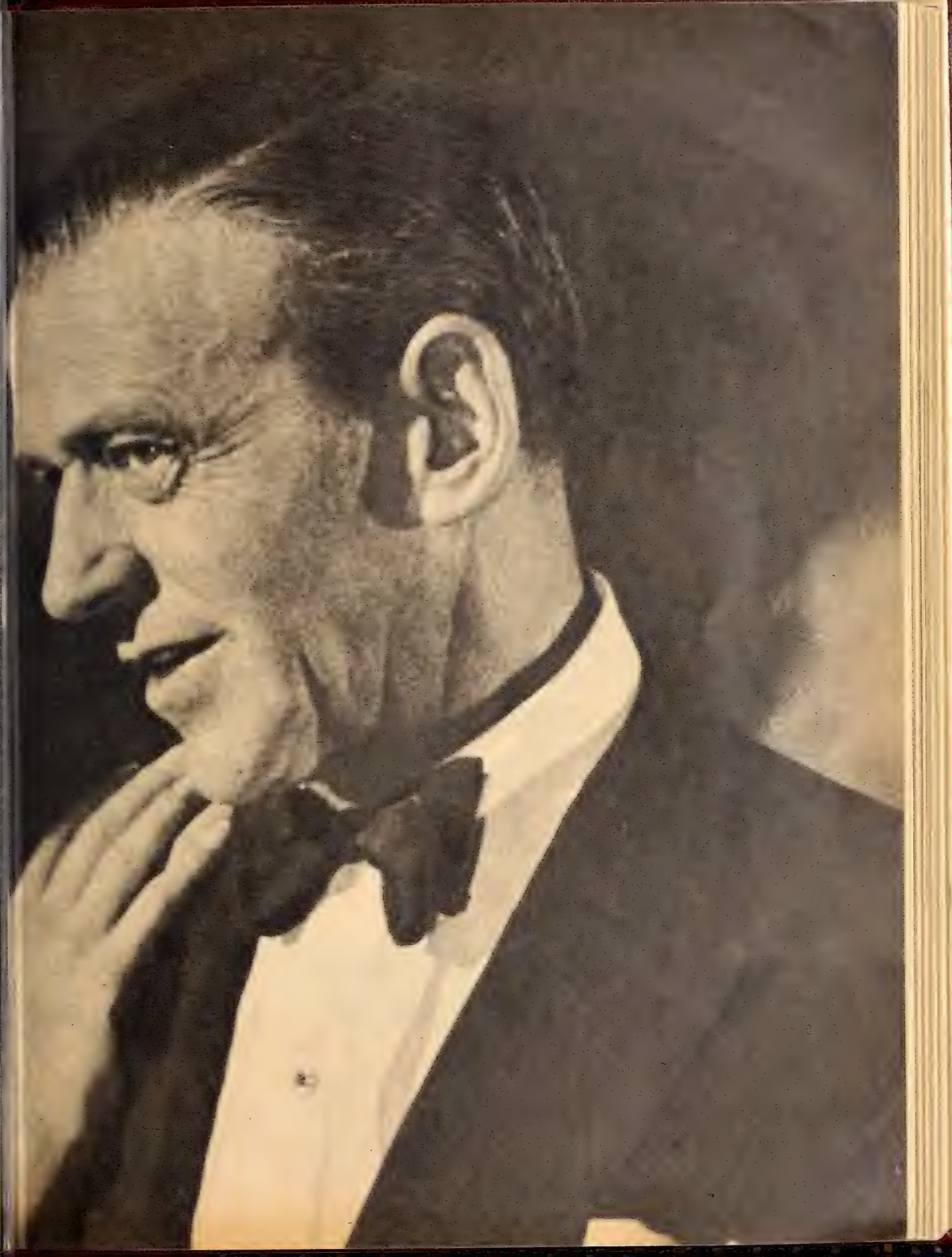
A Love Story

Across the gulf of thirty-seven years Fred Astaire reaches out his hand to young Barrie Chase. Dare she take it?



They met, officially, on a sound stage at MGM Studios where Barrie (she was then twenty-two; Fred, fifty-eight) was working as an assistant to the dance director there, Jack Cole. "I remember," she said, "that Mr. Astaire walked in one day while

(*Continued on page 78*)





the life story of Henry Fonda's little girl Jan

PORTRAIT OF JANE

"Mother died when I was twelve. The shock left e numb. Too numb to even cry." Jane Fonda osed her huge blue eyes for a long moment. The ars almost seemed to come. Then, with the soft isp of a sad smile, Jane closed the tragic chapter her young life. *"Mother was quite lovely,"* Jane hispers in a soft voice. The memory still haunts r. . . . Jane's long graceful hands play with the rk gold mass of silky hair that touches slender oulders. Then, with a refreshing smile, e fills the room with a lightness that ushes out the dark clouds of her vn personal tragedy. *"You ow, I never even thought out becoming an actress."* ne, the daughter of ovie star Henry Fonda, as brought up in a ther sheltered atmos- here, far from the mov- glamour that her fa- ous father was exposed daily. *"We lived on a rm in California. Dad ver brought any of the mov- crowd out to the farm. So I ver knew how much of a star ever was. Nor did I know any- ing about actresses."* Her father, nowing the heartbreak that sometimes n befall a young girl wrapped up in wanting be a movie star kept her as far away as possible m any undue influences in the movie world. *He was just like any other father. Never talked out movies. Never tried to impress me with how portant he was. And, we had a lot of fun together the farm."* A twinkle comes into her eyes when e recalls the early days on the farm. She per- med all the farmgirl chores, and thoroughly joyed doing her share of the work. Her early schooling began in a school filled with famous-parent children. Some of her schoolmates included Maria Cooper, Gary's daughter, and Christina Crawford, Joan's girl. She was never too chummy with any of them. *"They went their way. And I went mine."* None of her school pals ever made her aware that her father was a famous star. Nor did they tease her about it. Her early years were filled with the everyday pleasures that any girl of eight or nine goes through. Her brother, Peter, was her closest pal. They romped in the fields, and played pirates. Then when she was ten, her father took the family to live in Greenwich, Connecticut, while he was doing a play on Broadway titled *Mister Roberts*. Jane got her first taste of what play-acting was like. *"I used to play with a trunkful of stage clothes, and a box of make-up. Peter always played the heroes, and I played the heroines."* But for Jane it was only little-girl play-acting. She thought she might want to become a painter. Her art work was rather good, and she did paintings in oil and water colors. She was enrolled in school in Greenwich, and developed the usual schoolgirl crushes and also broke her share of twelve-year-old male hearts. *"I was a little shy though."* Jane was totally unaware of her rapidly developing good looks. Her resemblance is almost look-alike to her father. But at the time, her thin face bothered her. *"I looked skinny as a rail. And, I thought I'd grow up to be the ugliest duck that ever walked. . . ."* *(Continued on page 72)*

rom sheltered child, to teen-age rebel, to star

THE NIGHT WE RAN OUT OF



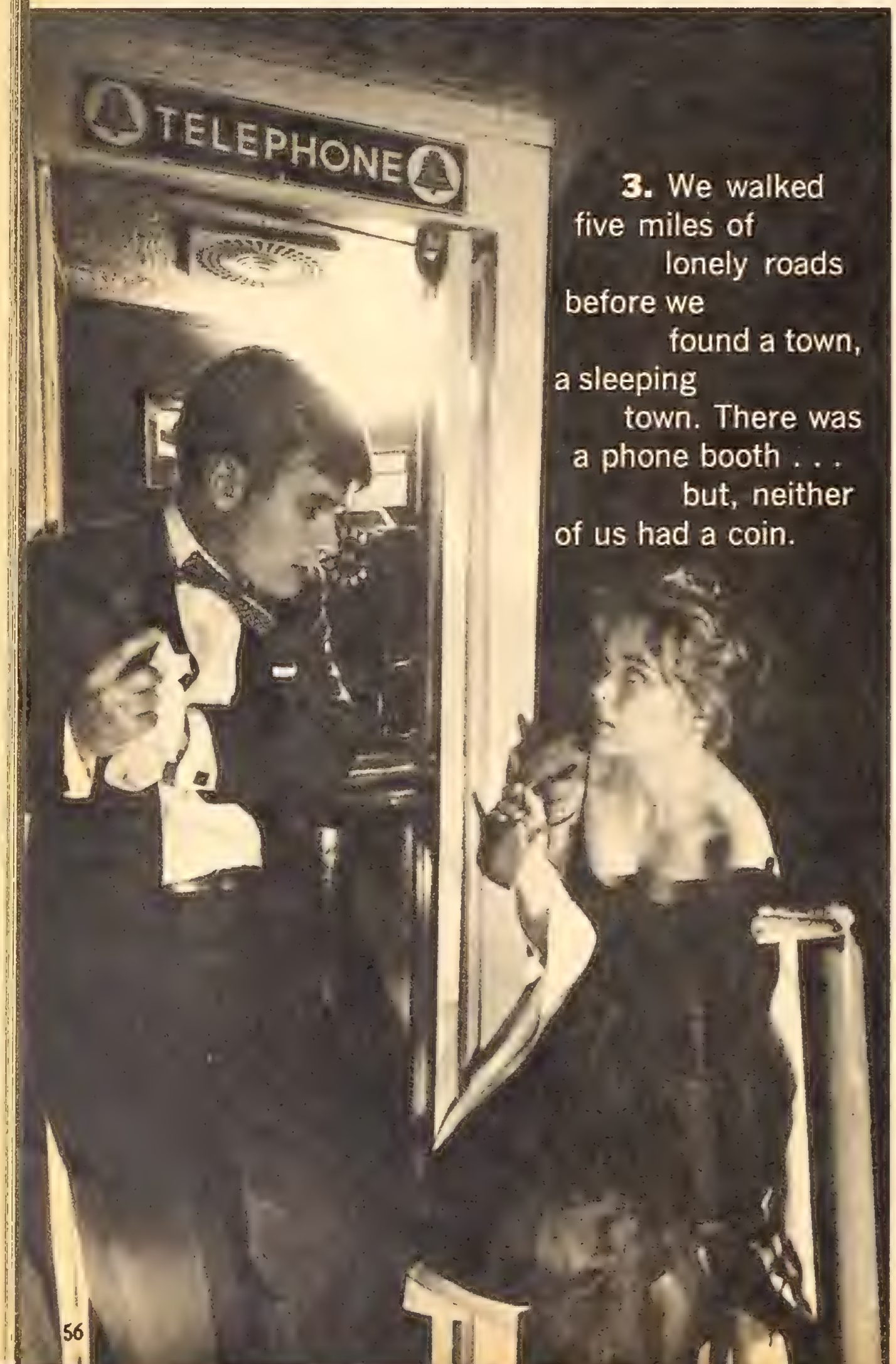
THE TERRIFYING STORY OF WHAT HAPPENED TO

GAs ON A LONELY ROAD

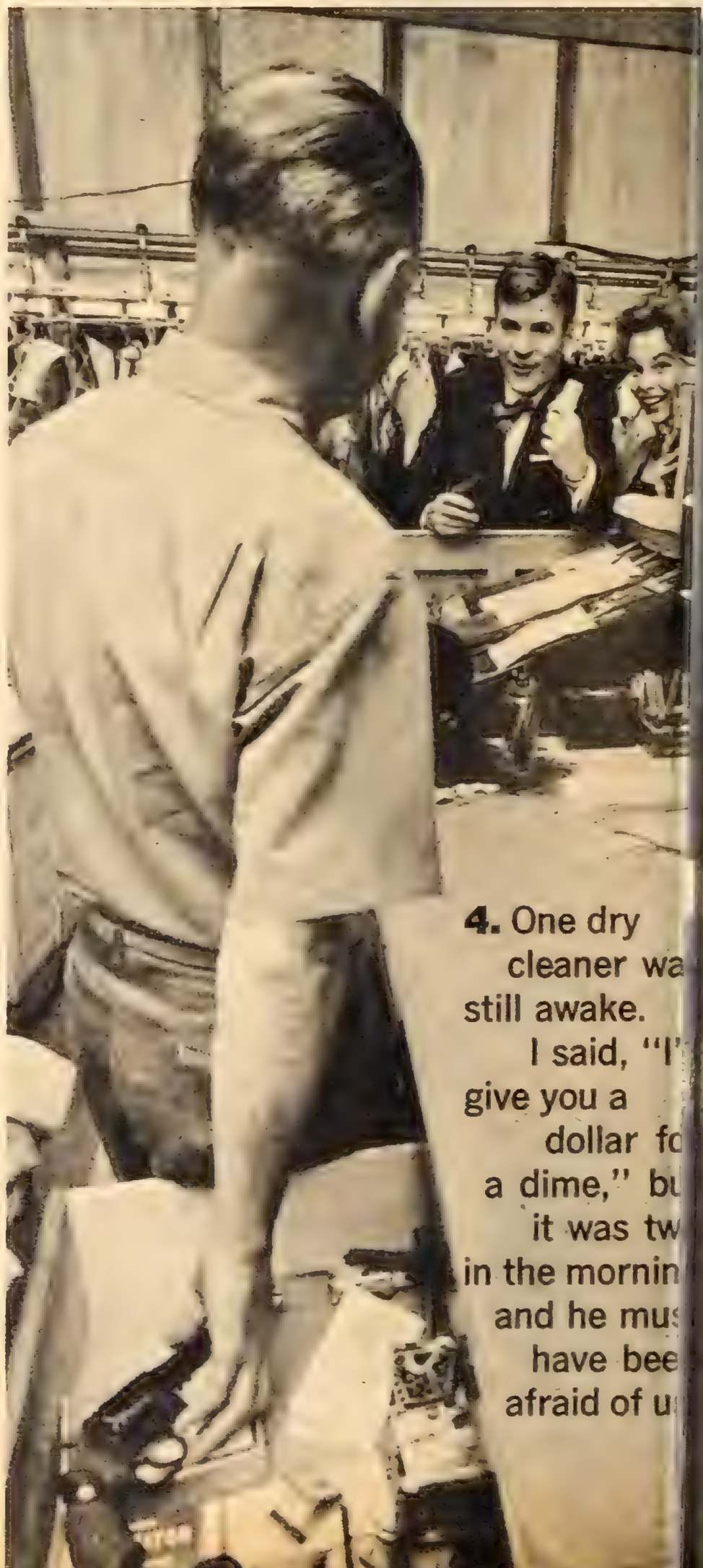


T)VILL (Sugarfoot) HUTCHINS AND HIS DATE

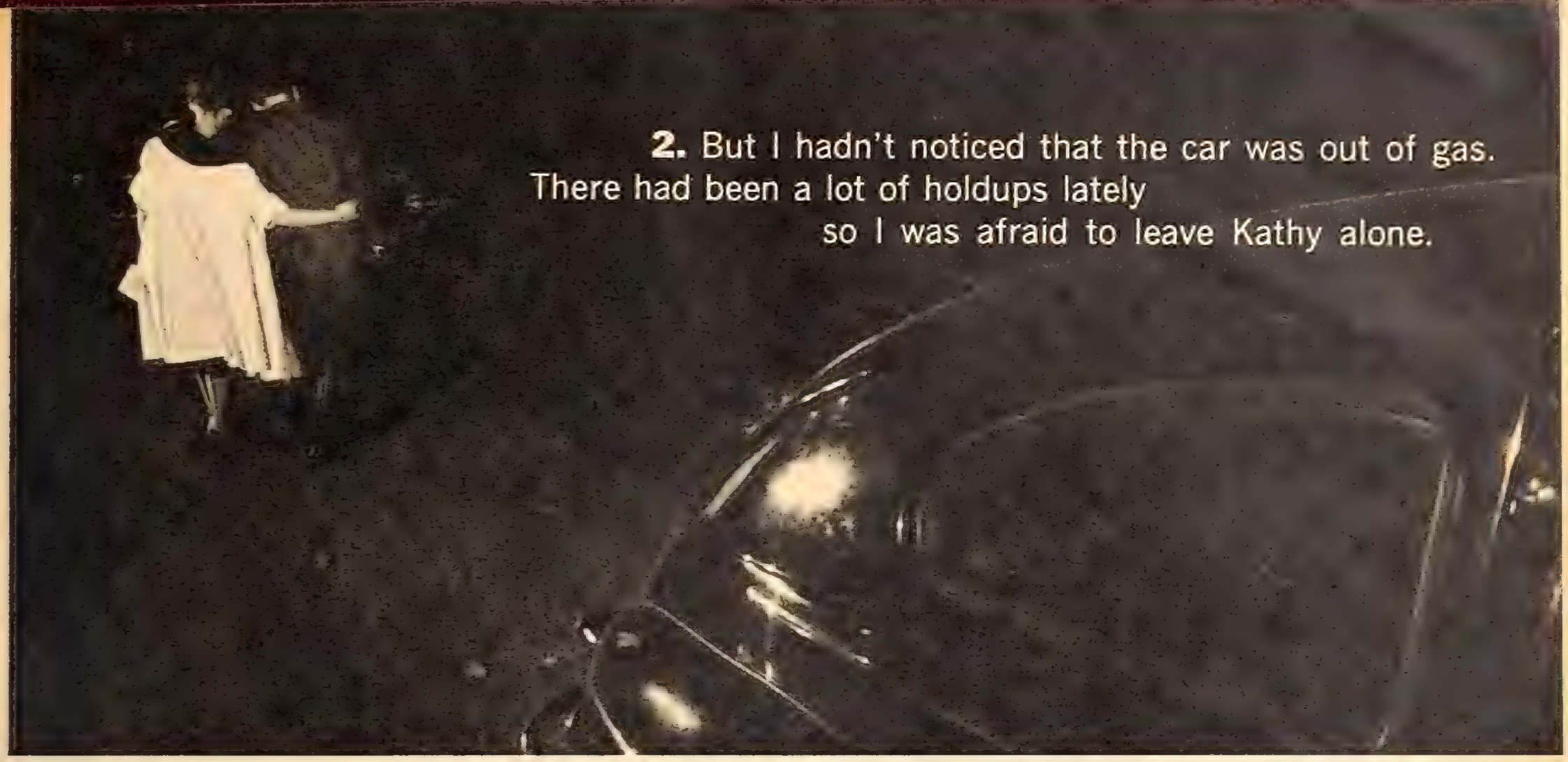
1. The evening had started at seven, and, I thought, ended at eleven, after about twenty minutes of smooching at Lookout Point.



3. We walked five miles of lonely roads before we found a town, a sleeping town. There was a phone booth . . . but, neither of us had a coin.

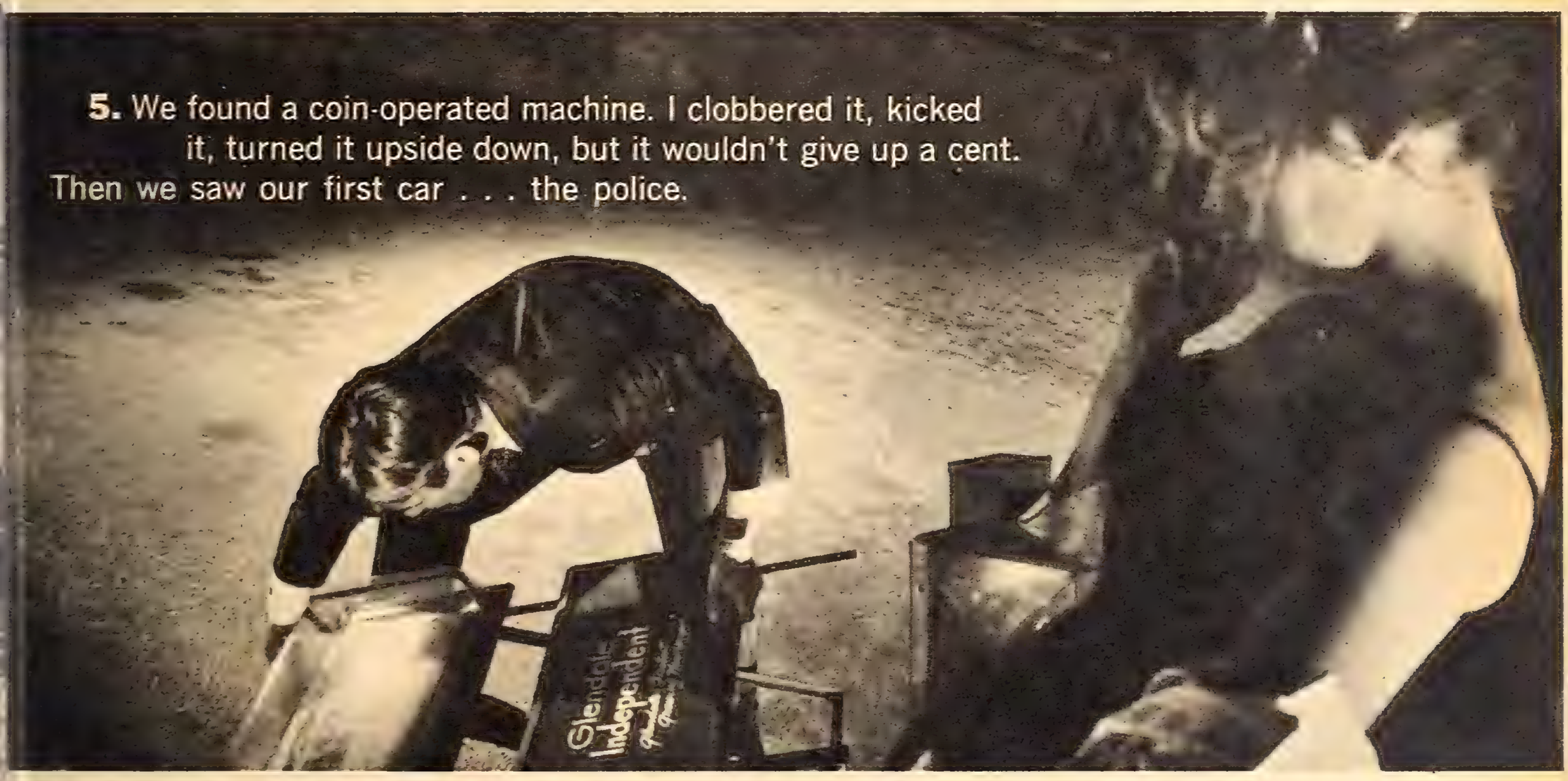


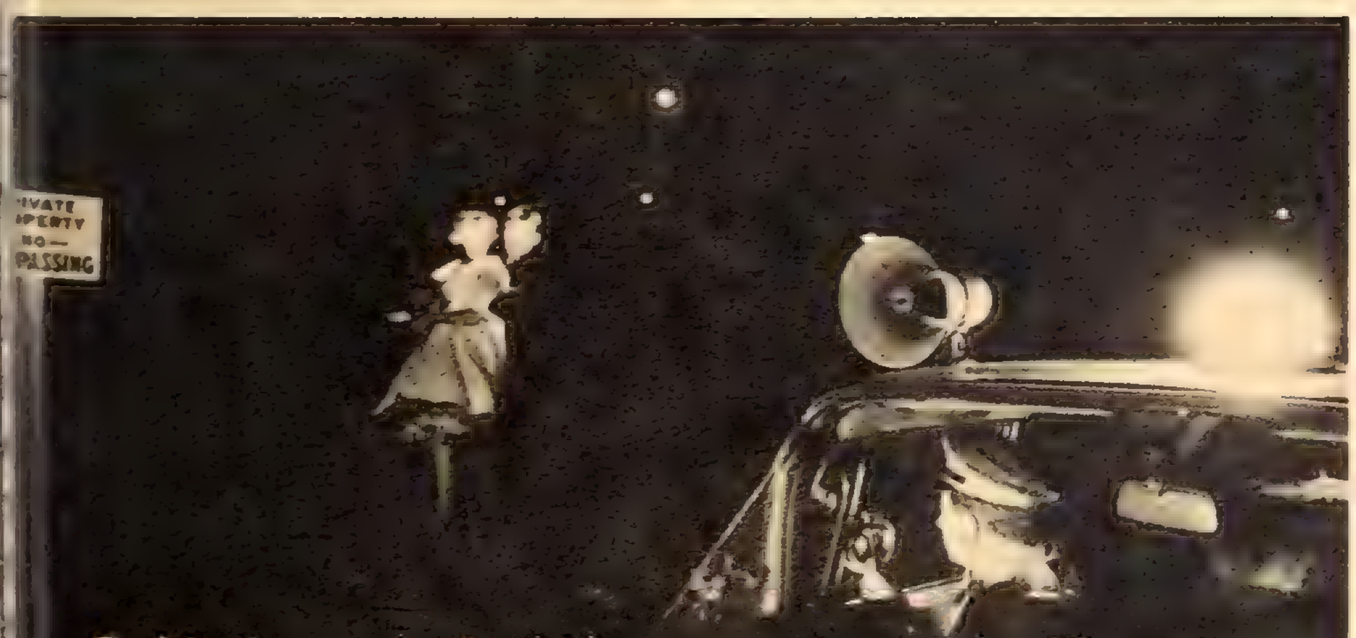
4. One dry cleaner wa still awake. I said, "I' give you a dollar fo a dime," bu it was tw in the mornin and he mus have bee afraid of u



2. But I hadn't noticed that the car was out of gas.
There had been a lot of holdups lately
so I was afraid to leave Kathy alone.

5. We found a coin-operated machine. I clobbered it, kicked
it, turned it upside down, but it wouldn't give up a cent.
Then we saw our first car . . . the police.





6. Maybe we looked like vagrants, maybe like
thieves, but the cops came out with guns
drawn. Their voices were cold:
"What are you two up to?"

7. By the time the police believed
we were harmless and helped us
get gas it was four-thirty. I
finally got Kathy home at five.
Then came the real adventure
of the evening . . . saying to her
father, "I'm sorry, Sir, but
you see, we ran out of gas."
It even sounded lame to me.
Someday I may see Kathy again.
Today all I get on the phone is
"She's not at home . . . to you."

(Kathy re-enacted by Carolyn Komant)

Jill St. John and Lance Reventlow

In a civil ceremony in a hotel room, with only one bridesmaid and the families attending, a twenty-year-old divorcee who had lunched on a hot fudge sundae married the richest boy in the world. This is the only intimate account you will read of it. Here, direct from Jill St. John's own mother, is the exclusive, behind-the-scenes story.....

The Biggest Little Wedding of the Year



■ *How curious that everyone is so calm,* I thought, as I was standing behind my daughter who was about to be married to Lance Reventlow by Supreme Court Justice Marshall McComb, in the royal suite of San Francisco's Mark Hopkins Hotel.

There was no uneasiness, no tears, no sniffling, and none of the usual type of excitement that customarily accompanies weddings. *(Continued on page 59*

(Continued from page 58)

Here these two young people were being tied to each other for what they hoped would be the rest of their lives, and yet they seemed as relaxed as if they were discussing whom to invite to a party!

There were only a few of us present: Lance's mother, Barbara Hutton, who had come in from Cuernavaca, Mexico, especially for the wedding; Lance's best man and cousin, Jimmy Woolworth Donahue; my daughter's bridesmaid, actress Nina Shipman; Lance's childhood nurse, Barbara Latimer, who had flown in from England for the ceremony; his butler, Dudley Walker, and of course my husband and me.

Lance hadn't wanted a big ceremony because, as he put it, "I didn't want to make my wedding a three-ring circus." He had chosen San Francisco because both he and Jill feared that if they had restricted the guest list to so few people in Los Angeles, a lot of their friends might have been hurt.

But what the wedding lacked in people, was more than made up by the picturesque setting.

The suite was beautifully decorated with peonies, irises, daffodils, and sweet peas. It looked like a fairyland. And Lance was so handsome and distinguished-looking in his dark suit, and my daughter so beautiful in her pink silk suit. Of course she wore something old and something new. Both were provided by her new mother-in-law, the 'old' being diamond earrings given to her by Barbara Hutton last Christmas, the 'new' a double-strand pearl necklace with a diamond clasp, which Miss Hutton put around her neck just before the ceremony. I lent her my pink veil for something 'borrowed,' and something 'blue'—a pair of blue garters—was given to her by a girlfriend the day before.

Later on someone told me that the ceremony had taken only ninety seconds, and by doing so had set a speed record! But it seemed longer to me, for during that time my mind wandered back to the time that Jill first told me about the handsome young man she had met at a party at Ronnie Burns' house, almost three years ago.

Lance

Frankly, I was surprised by my own impression of Lance when I first met him. He seemed nice, shy, and quite unlike the mental picture I had formed of him.

His shyness did not last long, and as he relaxed it was easy for me to detect a wonderful sense of humor.

There was only one time that I was dubious about this marriage—and that was exactly forty-five minutes before the ceremony started!

Maybe I better go back a few hours to tell you what happened. . . .

I don't think Jill slept much the night before. Even after I said good-night to her, I could hear her move around in her room. Her light must have been on till 2:00 a.m., when she finally turned it off.

Although Jill and Lance had planned to come back with us the very same night, my husband and I decided we'd better take our own car to the airport, because with these two kids you could never tell what they might do, so at least we could get home in case they decided to stay in San Francisco overnight.

We arrived at the airport shortly before 11:00 and were greeted by at least two dozen reporters and photographers!

All our efforts to keep the departure as well as the place of the wedding a secret failed when, as I was told, someone from the Mark Hopkins Hotel gave the news of all the arrangements to the local papers!

Lance arrived a few minutes after we

Woman's 'Difficult Days' and Her Perspiration Problems

Doctors tell why her underarm perspiration problems increase during monthly cycle. What can be done about it?



Valda Sherman

Science has now discovered that a thing called "emotional perspiration" is closely linked to a woman's "difficult days." So much so that during this monthly cycle her underarm perspiration problems are not only greater but more embarrassing.

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Doctors have proved ARRID is more effective than any cream, twice as effective as any roll-on or spray tested. And yet ARRID CREAM Deodorant is so gentle, antiseptic, non-irritating . . . completely safe for normal underarm skin.

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*Carter Products trademark for [illegible]

did with his butler, his former nurse, and Nina Shipman.

I was a little afraid of his reaction when he saw all the photographers, and so was Jill. But he came through very well. He smiled amiably and, although he didn't dilly-dally to pose for pictures, was very pleasant to the photographers.

The flight to San Francisco took only a little over an hour. There we were greeted again by an even larger group of reporters who were surprised when Jill answered some of their questions before they were asked. Like, "Don't ask me any silly questions about my family. I can only give you the standard, phony answers—like seven children would be just fine."

They were all in a happy frame of mind because they laughed and waved at us as we climbed into the big black limousine provided by the studio. We were whisked to the Mark Hopkins Hotel, where all of us retired to our own suites, Miss Hutton had the Royal Suite, my husband and I had the Ambassador suite, and for the life of me, I can't remember the names of all the other beautiful suites. However, they were all on one floor. In fact, Miss Hutton had taken over the entire floor to make sure that the ceremony would be undisturbed. Judging by Lance's reaction, nothing could have pleased him more.

It was about two thirty when we all assembled in Miss Hutton's suite, excited and gay, and anxious for the ceremony to start, although it wasn't scheduled for another hour and a half.

Jill's craving before the wedding

And then, at three o'clock, it happened.

I was standing next to Lance when Jill came over and tugged on his sleeve. "I feel like a hot fudge sundae," she grinned.

If Lance was surprised, he didn't show it. But Miss Hutton certainly did.

"What youth will do!" she exclaimed.

Lance was all against Jill's idea. First of all he didn't feel like a hot fudge sundae an hour and a half before he got married. Secondly, he didn't know where she could get one at this time.

"I noticed a very nice little ice cream parlor right across from the hotel," Jill informed him cheerfully.

Lance still wasn't in favor of the idea. "If we go out there, we'll be recognized by reporters."

"We can sneak out the back way," Jill pleaded.

While Lance was determined not to go, he didn't mind letting his bride-to-be take off with Nina. And so the two girls secretly sneaked out of the hotel, dashed across the street, and without being seen by the thirty or more reporters who had assembled on the floor below for the brief press conference Lance had promised them after the ceremony, walked into the ice cream parlor—where they were promptly recognized by a local reporter who joined them. Said Jill, afterwards, "He was so nice—he even paid the bill!!!"

Yet as the minutes passed by, I became more anxious about what was happening to them. I couldn't help glancing at my watch every few seconds wondering whether my daughter would get back in time.

She finally did—with about five minutes to spare.

Although the ceremony was brief, it was beautifully performed, and I could see my daughter's happiness by the way she kissed Lance after it was over. But they were no longer willing to kiss in public.

After we had the most delicious hors d'oeuvres—everything from caviar to imported French champagne, Jill's bridesmaid announced that she had a very special surprise for the newlyweds. "Close your eyes and stretch out your hands," she ordered.

Jill and Lance did as told. Two seconds later they heard a click as Nina handcuffed them with a gold-plated pair of handcuffs. We all thought the shackles were very funny, although I said a silent prayer that Nina hadn't lost the key.

They were still shackled to each other when they walked downstairs for the ten minute press conference they had agreed to give. It was then that one of the photographers asked them to kiss in front of the cameras.

Lance came back with a very emphatic, "Not here." And then Jill refused to show her ring, because she thought that would be vulgar.

About seven we had a wonderful dinner, arranged by Miss Hutton. We had shrimp, waldorf salad, beef stroganoff with wild rice, and of course, the beautiful two-tiered wedding cake—which I took home with us.

Only a few people were at the airport when we left, but there was a wonderful feeling of gaiety once we got on the plane. The local papers had covered the ceremony, and you could see passengers turn around from wherever they were sitting and stare at Jill and Lance. And then they came over, one and two at a time, to wish them good luck and all the happiness in the world.

I was quite exhausted as I moved my seat back, and tried to relax. But I couldn't help overhearing one cynic remark behind me, "I wonder how long this is going to last?"

I knew what he meant. Jill had been married before, and it didn't work out.

Moreover, my daughter is an actress, and supposedly everybody knows that a career and a marriage don't mix.

I don't agree. First of all, Jill was only sixteen when she married Neil Dubin. And they had known each other less than three months. It was no surprise to anyone that the marriage didn't work out.

Lance and Jill have known each other for three years. They're sure of themselves and each other. From the beginning, Jill was impressed by his straightforwardness, his manners, his sense of humor—just as I think Lance appreciated that Jill was never impressed by his wealth. She had traveled in pretty much the same circles as Lance. A number of fellows she dated were equally well-off. And if there was a time when she couldn't afford something, my husband and I always gave it to her.

As far as her career is concerned, they have talked this over in great detail. Lance has not insisted that she give it up as long as she wants to stick to it. And quite frankly, she does. Jill is not one to come out with a pat answer like "If my marriage and my career don't mix, I'd quit working." She is determined to go on with her career just as she is determined to make her marriage work out. And she's convinced that she can do a good job with both. For that matter, Lance has already adjusted himself quite well to the role of a movie star's husband.

Jill changed him

When Jill and Lance first met, he used to shun any type of publicity gathering such as premieres, or big parties. Gradually Jill persuaded him to change his attitude. For the sake of her career, she has to be seen in public, with or without Lance. And one night she told him quite frankly that being seen with him made people want to write more about her.

Lance appreciated such honesty. While he kept teasing her that she really didn't want to become an actress, just a movie star, he kept going along with little grumbling, to whatever functions she was requested to attend. And while at one time he would have balked altogether at stopping to pose for pictures, now he will not only pose, but even force a smile for the cameras once in a while.

Of course Jill has shown a willingness to do things for Lance's sake as well. Like sports—the mere thought of which she detested a few years ago! Today she's quite expert at skin-diving and skiing. She is also a good hostess, and I think this will help Lance who loves having people over to his house once in a while.

It was after midnight when the plane finally landed at Los Angeles' International Airport. It was too late, and we were too tired, to drink another toast to the new couple who were anxious to get home, not only because it was their wedding night, but also because they had planned to get up early to go on their skiing honeymoon, at Mammoth Lakes.

As my husband and I saw them drive off, I couldn't help remembering Barbara Hutton's parting words a few hours earlier. "I'm glad they got married," she told me. "They seem so good for one another."

She was so right. Lance found in Jill what he wanted, just as she found in him what she needed. **END**

Jill stars in 20th-Fox's THE LOST WORLD.

"Where Are You, Eddie, I Need You!"

(*Continued from page 43*)

the knife. It was a frightening responsibility.

Debbie needed reassurance badly. Though the bonds of love were dead between them, she needed Eddie at this moment. In this moment when the life of their child might be lying in the balance, she couldn't just turn to anyone. Not even to Harry Karl, the man many people think she will marry. Only the child's father had the right to say, "Yes. Let the doctor operate," or "No—let us consult another doctor."

And if the child was to face surgery, his father should be beside his bed when he opened his eyes after the operation, became conscious, and became panicky at the thought of being in a strange place between strange covers. At such a moment a boy, even the smallest child, needs not only his mother, but also his father.

But his father was vacationing in Jamaica, out somewhere—pain creased Debbie's forehead—with the woman whose love had meant more to him than her love or staying with his children.

She'd tried to get through to him, through almost 4,000 miles of telephone wire.

The operator had grown tired of calling. "There's no answer," she said. "Do you want to leave a message?"

"Doesn't anybody know where Mr Fisher is?"

"Sorry, he didn't leave any message. Shall I ask him to call you back?"

Debbie bit her lip. "No. I'm sorry, I don't think there will be time."

She hurried to the side of her sick son and sat on his bed, holding his hand. "Darling, Mommy will take you to someone right away who will make you feel better."

With God's help

Her brother Bill's face was white as he waited to drive Debbie and the boy to the hospital. Bill lived in his own quarters in Debbie's large home in Holmby Hills. He felt that Debbie would be too nervous to drive to the hospital, and he was going to take them there. Her mother, who lived in Burbank, close by St. Joseph's Hospital, was waiting for them there.

Carrying the crying boy in her arms, Debbie stepped into the car. Her face was tense; almost as pale as the child's.

"I hurt, Mommy," he said.

"Yes, darling, I know," she said. "But at the hospital they will do everything to make you better."

With God's help, she thought. *May God be with the surgeon tonight. May He guide his hand. They say that when a surgeon goes to work, there are always three in the operating room: the doctor, the patient, and God. Please God, be there and watch over my child.*

It was a balmy night in late March and the sky was studded with stars, but inside the car, Debbie shivered. She had never known such fear. To face this alone . . .

"Stop it, Debbie," she told herself. "You're being hysterical."

But another voice within her whispered: "How can I stand it—taking such a grave responsibility. The doctor said if there were no surgery, there might be complications."

Complications? The vague word carried its own cargo of terror. From the time little Todd was first born the threat of this moment had hung over him. "Hernia," the doctors had said then. "Some day it may become serious, requiring an operation. But he's an infant now and it isn't called for right now. We'll wait."

She and Eddie had agreed it would be wisest to wait till surgery was absolutely necessary. How could she have dreamed then that when the moment did come she and Eddie would not be together—that he would be married to another woman and that her frantic telephone call would not reach him in that distant spot in the British West Indies?

For a moment she was bitter. This was the bitterness she had tried so hard to fight, that she had promised herself she would never let overcome her.

"Well, I can take anything life hands out," she told herself firmly. "If I expected too much of Eddie, it was my fault, not his. But why should Todd have to be let down, too? The child is his baby, too. Why should he be on a holiday in Jamaica, while Todd and I have to go through this ordeal together?"

It was unreasonable of her to resent it; she knew that. Eddie hadn't known that terror would strike in the middle of the night while he, perhaps, held the woman he loved in his arms somewhere under a Caribbean moon, or danced together in a gay Island night club.

She ran her fingers through Todd's hair; touched his cheek tenderly. "Darling," she thought to herself, "it's awful to go through this moment, through this night, but I wonder if your father knows what he's missing most of the time. He's missing some of the pain, but a lot of the joy, too.

The car wound up the hospital driveway and stopped in front of Admissions. A white-uniformed orderly placed the child in a wheelchair.

"Mommy will be right with you," she said, comforting the frightened child.

When Todd was being prepared for surgery, a slip of paper—her authorization of the operation—was handed to Debbie. For a moment the words danced in front of her eyes. The words sounded so threatening with their promise to absolve the hospital of any blame.

"It's just a formality," she was told.

She took the pen and signed the release, praying as she wrote her name that all would be well.

Todd was still crying. She stayed as long as they let her, while they gave him a shot to make him drowsy and his eyes closed. She walked out into the corridor, then, and watched them wheel her little boy on the stretcher down the hall.

In the corridor, she pressed herself against the wall, looking very small. The people around her seemed like shadows in the night. How she wished that one of those shadows could be Eddie. . . .

It seemed ages before the surgeon came out. There was a smile on his face. "He's all right. Your little boy's been taken to his room. He's still 'out' but he'll be fine."

Debbie started down the corridor. "I said I'd be right there when he opened his eyes. I want to be with him." She walked down the hall to his room, alone. . . .

It was two days later when Eddie arrived in Hollywood, with Liz. He arrived the day his son was ready to be discharged. He drove directly to St. Joseph's. Todd, like the healthy child he was, was recovering beautifully. But even so, he had come too late to save Debbie from the night of fear—when the phone call she'd made to Eddie hadn't gone through. **END**

Debbie will guest-star in PEPE, *for Columbia, and stars in Paramount's* THE PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY.

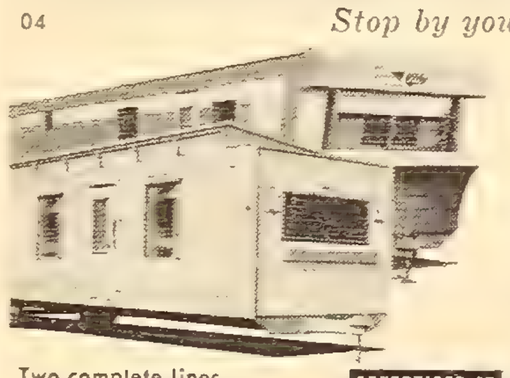


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The Haunted Honeymoon

(*Continued from page 40*)

loved so desperately, so very, very much.

He'd looked forward to their wedding day.

But most of all, strangely, he'd looked forward to this city in faraway Denmark that Evy had talked so much about.

To get away, for a while, at least, from Hollywood, from California, where there had been little laughter for him these past few weeks—ever since that day he'd sat with his son, his little boy, and explained that things were going to be different for them both from that day on. . . .

They'd been at the airport that day. Gloria—Jimmy's wife, Jimmy Jr.'s mother—had gone to a counter to pick up her tickets for Las Vegas. And they'd sat alone, father and son.

The boy was worried-looking, confused.

"But why, Daddy," he asked, "why can't you come with us? I thought you *were* coming. Why *can't* you come?"

Jimmy didn't answer immediately. He couldn't. Instead he put his arms around his son and he wondered, "How do I tell you what's happening, baby? How do I tell you the truth—that you and your mother are flying away so your mother can get a divorce, so that I can get married again? How do I tell you, my three-year-old baby? . . . How will you even understand what I'm talking about?"

"The son I've always wanted"

For the next minute or so, Jimmy lied. He began to say something about a picture he was working on, a picture that would take him very far away. "So," he said, "I thought that this would be a good time for you and your mama to take a vacation. And Vegas, you know, that's real old Indian territory. And I thought—"

But he stopped. Because lying to the boy, trying to fool him, was no good, he knew. He remembered other times he'd tried. Those mornings after the separation from Gloria when he would leave his apartment on his way to the studio and drop by the house, to be with his son for a little while. How the boy would throw his arms around him and ask, "Daddy, where you been this morning?" How he would answer, "To the grocery store—I got up early and went to do some shopping." How the boy would nod and say, "Oh sure, Daddy, you been to the grocery". . . But how he hadn't been fooled. Not really.

"Your mama and you," Jimmy found himself saying now, suddenly, "you're both going to Las Vegas for six weeks . . . And before you come back, I'll have gone away, too . . . First to New York. Then to Europe, a place called Europe . . . I'll be gone for two, maybe three months . . . I'm going with Evy. Evy—the pretty girl you met, you remember? The girl we went to the beach with on Sundays sometimes, the three of us? . . . I'm going to Europe, baby. And I'm going to go with Evy. Because, you see, I'm going to marry Evy—"

Again he stopped.

And the little boy, beginning to cry, asked softly, "Are you going away because you don't want me anymore, Daddy?"

Jimmy hugged his son.

"Of course I want you," he said. "I always did want you. And I always will." He tried to smile. "Why, before you were even born, you were exactly the baby I wanted," he said. "Before your mother went to the hospital, where you were born, you know what I said to her? I said, 'Mrs. Darren, you give me a boy, my son, and I'll get you two dozen beautiful roses. Otherwise,' I said, 'you don't get anything.' And she gave me my boy . . . *you*. And I gave her the roses, two dozen, just like I said.

"Yes, Jimmy," he said. "I wanted you, wanted you very much. And I still do. And I always will."

He let go of the boy now and reached into his pocket.

He removed a wallet, and a picture from it.

"Do you recognize this funny face?" he asked the child, trying to smile again.

"It's you, Daddy," the boy whispered.

"That's right," said Jimmy. "Now here, you put this in your pocket . . . like this . . . and once in a while, till I come back and see you again, you take it out and you look at it. So you don't forget your daddy, this funny old face of his . . . All right?"

"All right," said the boy.

And then he'd begun to cry again, burying his face in his little hands, and sobbing.

And Jimmy, unable to watch, had gotten up and walked away.

And gone back to Evy.

Back to the girl he loved, and would marry.

Back to the talk of their wedding, their honeymoon, only a few weeks away. . . .

He was gloomy those next weeks. For the first time in his life he was edgy, nervous, afraid, sharp-tongued.

Even with Evy.

They began to fight. About silly things. Evy would say something and Jimmy would blow up one minute and he'd say to hell with any wedding, to hell with everything—and then he'd grab her and hold tight to her and kiss her. And everything would be all right.

He became abrupt, too, with the press, a drastic switch for a fellow known as one of the best and most pleasant interviewees in all of Hollywood.

According to one reporter who talked with him during this period:

"I asked him first to answer those fans who wondered why he was marrying a European girl and why he wasn't giving an American girl a chance. It was meant as a light question, an opener.

"But he got snappy and he said, 'How do you answer a question like *that*? You fall in love with a person, not a nationality . . . Is that a good enough answer?'

"Then," the reporter went on, "I mentioned an article somewhere in which Gloria had stated—and I quoted—'I hope his second wife doesn't go through what I did . . . Jimmy couldn't let me be an individual after we got married. He was intensely jealous . . . I never really had clothes, anything new. We were struggling along at first, of course, even after Jimmy signed his picture contract. I worked to help out. Every cent we had went for clothes for Jimmy in his new career . . . Today Jimmy can't even seem to see why I should have any alimony. It's taken us months to straighten that out. . . .'

" 'How about it, Jimmy,' I asked, 'what do you say to this?'

"And he said, 'Gloria's entitled to say whatever she wants, I guess. I have no comment to make on what she says.'

"Then I brought up another quote, this one attributed to Jimmy himself.

"It went: 'Evy and I don't plan to have children right away because children don't go with careers.'

"I'd just started to say that this remark had left people wondering just where this left his son, when Jimmy blew up and said, 'First of all, I never said that, about me and Evy going to wait to have children. I don't know where they dream up that kind of stuff. But *I* never said it.

" 'And second, about my kid—it's nobody's business what I feel about my kid. I happen to love him. I happen to miss him. I happen to feel as though I'm going to bust sometimes, break down inside of me, just thinking about him.

" 'But that's *my* business, mister.' "

"Maybe we shouldn't get married"

One friend recalls that "at any of the parties we had for him and Evy, Jimmy would sit around quiet, brooding, looking most of the time as if he were sorry he'd come. Oh sure, he'd snap out of it once in a while—smile, joke around a little, act like the old Jimmy. But those times were rare. . . .

"The worst time came the night before they left, I remember. I was in this restaurant having dinner with them, Jimmy and Evy and a couple of other people. I remember we'd just started to eat when Jimmy got up from the table and disappeared for a while. And when he came back he looked as if his best friend had just died . . . I found out later that he'd gone to phone Gloria in Vegas, to ask her if he could say a few words to his son, say good-bye; that the manager of the hotel where they were staying said Gloria wasn't accepting any calls, that the boy was asleep already and that it was too late. . . ."

When Jimmy and Evy arrived in New York the next day they had, in Jimmy's words, "another of our fights. Here we'd come to make final arrangements for the wedding. But we ended up arguing about something. And I said, 'Look, maybe we shouldn't get married now. Maybe we should go back to California and think things over for a while.' Evy was too hurt to say anything. She said only, 'You're the man, it's up to you.' Then, the next day, after a long night, a sleepless night, I realized how much I loved her and wanted to marry her. I sent her flowers to her hotel. . . ."

The wedding took place in the Our Lady Chapel of St. Patrick's Cathedral on Saturday, February 8.

And two days later Jimmy and Evy were in Copenhagen, Evy's city of laughter.

The first stop of their strange and haunted honeymoon. . . .

Jimmy seemed happy enough, outwardly, meeting Evy's mother and father, her old friends and neighbors.

To Evy's mother in particular, reputedly one of the best cooks in Denmark, he was a dream come true, a son-in-law who, though he could not speak her language, learned quickly how to say *Jeg er sulten* (I'm hungry), thus sending her scooting happily into the kitchen a dozen or so times a day.

Feast night

It was, in fact, on the afternoon of his third day at the Norlunds' when Jimmy, in the kitchen watching Mrs. Norlund prepare something, found out about the special feast she was planning for that night.

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"I know, Jimmy," she said through Evy, her interpreter. "—you don't like any big crowds. You're tired of them, too many people at once . . . But just this one night, I must have the big feast. In your and my Evy's honor . . . Just for the family—" She winked; "—about thirty of us; maybe a few more . . . In your and my Evy's honor."

By eight o'clock that night the party had begun. And the relatives—hordes of them—began arriving.

They came from all over, from Copenhagen proper, from surrounding towns and farms outside those towns; by car, by trolley, by train, by foot.

They included an uncle, who played accordion, for those people who would dance; a few aunts, who sang, for those who would listen; several other women, aunts and cousins and nieces, who brought along quantities of homemade foods, to add to Mrs. Norlund's already-plentiful smorgasbord.

By nine o'clock the party was in full swing and Jimmy, despite his silent apprehensions at first, found himself having a good time, a very good time.

He danced.

He sang along with the ever-singing aunts.

He ate.

And, though normally not a drinker, he drank a little of each of the several drinks being handed out by a jolly-faced oldtimer—a little beer at first, then some wine, then some of the hard stuff.

And, more and more, he found himself having a good time, a very good time, for the first time in a long time.

Until suddenly, at one point, while dancing with Evy, he saw a couple enter the room from the outside hallway—and with them a small boy, four or five years old.

"Look," Evy said, spotting them too, at practically the same moment, "my favorite cousin, Helga, and her husband . . . And they've brought the little son, Kurt."

She led Jimmy over to them and introduced them, first Helga, then her husband, then the boy.

"Hello," Jimmy said to all three, but never removing his eyes from the boy's.

"Now Jimmy," he heard the girl called Helga say, after a moment, "though we do not speak English well, my husband and I, we have taught our boy to give you a greeting in your language . . . Go ahead, Kurt . . . Say what we taught you."

The little boy stiffened, and cleared his throat.

And then, very slowly, he said:

"My name is Kurt . . . I give you welcome . . . I hope you like our city . . . And I hope when you return to the United States of America that you will bring my greeting to your own city of—"

He stopped.

"Hollywood?" asked Evy.

"*Ja,*" said the boy, "—Holly-vood."

The others laughed.

Jimmy nodded.

"Thank you," he said, not laughing, "thank you very much."

He put his hand on the boy's head and, for a short moment, he closed his eyes.

And then, opening them, he excused himself and turned and walked back across the room, through the still-dancing crowd, to the spot where the jolly-faced oldtimer was still handing out the drinks. . . .

The haunted honeymoon

Evy looked over at him from the bed, as he stood near the window, staring out at the night, intently, the way he had stared at the boy, downstairs, a little while earlier.

She looked at him for a long time, saying nothing.

And then, finally, she spoke.

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"Why don't you talk about him, Jimmy?" she asked, softly. "It will make you feel better."

"Talk about who?" asked Jimmy, his voice little more than a flat whisper.

"Your son," Evy said. "I know you're thinking of him. I understand how you feel . . . You never talk about him, Jimmy. But please, turn around—and talk about him to me. It *will* make you feel better."

"No, Evy," he said, not turning. "I won't feel any better. And you'll feel worse."

Then he said, "Haven't I done enough, enough to spoil this honeymoon of ours?"

"It's a beautiful honeymoon," Evy said. "You haven't spoiled anything . . . It's a beautiful honeymoon, Jimmy."

He shook his head.

"I wanted it to be," he said. "But how can it be? . . . A honeymoon is for two people, Evy. That's a simple fact about honeymoons, Evy. Everybody knows that about honeymoons . . . But we're not alone, are we? There's a third person with us. He's been with us since the minute we started. He's going to be with us, more and more, as we go along . . . I know it's not right . . . But I can't get him out of my mind."

"He's your *son,*" Evy said. "You must *never* get him out of your mind. You must think of him always."

"Think of him?" Jimmy asked, laughing suddenly, a low and hollow laugh. "Think of him? . . . That's all I do, Evy, is think of him. And it's not fair to you . . . I think of him. I dream about him. And in all my thoughts and dreams, do you know what he's doing?"

He paused.

"What?" Evy asked.

"He's forgetting me," Jimmy said. "Day by day, hour by hour, he's looking around for me with those big black eyes of his. And he doesn't see me. And so he's forgetting me . . . Like you forget anything you aren't around all the time. Like with me, when I go back to South Philly sometimes, to the street where I was born, where I used to play, where I grew up—I realize when I get back there how much I've forgotten about it . . . All because I've been away so long. . . ."

He took a deep breath.

"That's how it is with people, things, Evy," he said then. "How it was with me. How it is with my son . . . You forget . . . You can't help it. And God, Evy, *God,* but I don't want my little boy to forget me!"

Evy got out of the bed and rushed over to him and took him in her arms.

"Jimmy," she said, "it's getting cold here, by the open windows. You should come to bed."

Again he shook his head. "Not now," he said, "not for just a little while."

"Jimmy," Evy said, "I'm not going to leave you till you come back with me. I'll stand here all night."

"Just a little while more," he said. "I want to be alone, just a little while more."

"Jimmy—please," Evy said, begging now.

"No," he said, his voice loud, angry. "I said I—"

But he stopped.

And he clutched her suddenly.

And he buried his face in her neck, and he began to cry.

As she said, very softly, "Jimmy, Jimmy . . . It's going to be all right . . . You'll see. . . ."

How it is in Copenhagen

It was the following morning.

Evy walked into their room and handed Jimmy a letter that had just come from the States.

The handwriting on the envelope was Gloria's.

But the return address was marked "James Darren, Jr."

Jimmy opened the envelope and pulled out the sheet of paper inside it.

On the paper was a drawing, crude and comical, of a little boy.

Below it, printed in large and slanting letters, were the words:

"DEAR DADDY, I LOVE YOU"

Jimmy and Evy looked up from the paper after a while, and at one another.

And somehow, they both began to laugh.

"I told you," Evy said, "that this is the way it would be in Copenhagen—on our honeymoon. Didn't I, Jimmy?

"I told you," Evy said, laughing even more, and bending to kiss her husband.

"I *told* you—!" **END**

Jimmy will star in GUNS OF NAVARONE, *for Columbia.*

I Am Going to Adopt a Baby

(*Continued from page 29*)

fame and fortune here in Hollywood.

Since she married Arthur Miller and moved to New York and Connecticut to live, we do not see one another as often as we did in the beginning of her career when her agent, Johnny Hyde, was deeply in love with her (he was my good friend, too) and the powerful and influential producer Joseph Schenck befriended her and gave her the advantage of his wisdom and understanding.

Yet, we have never lost touch. When she comes to Hollywood to work, not too frequently in the past years, she always calls me, "because you are my friend."

Last year she telephoned to say hello on a day when I was giving a garden party and I invited her to come, hardly expecting she would accept as she had just flown in that morning. But she came—a ravishing creature in a black cocktail dress, delighting my guests, posing for pictures, laughing in that soft child-like voice of hers—truly a 'social show-stopper.'

And, when she returned to the West Coast to start (the currently strike-struck) *Let's Fall In Love* for 20-Century Fox, she had called to invite me to a studio party she was hostessing to introduce her friend and co-star, the talented Yves Montand. I hadn't been able to accept because of an early dinner appointment.

So what happens? Marilyn left her party before it officially ended to come over to my house, catching me with my hair in pin curls just before I got under the hair dryer—a strange and weird time to be receiving the world's most glamorous woman, you must admit! Marilyn wasn't in the least fazed and we chatted and gossiped, as women do, in that short time we had before both of us were due for other engagements.

A real heart-to-heart

It wasn't until later that it occurred to me that Marilyn and I had not had one of our real heart-to-heart talks that so frequently marked our early friendship in a long, long time. Deciding to put the thought into action, I called the studio and asked if it would be convenient for me to see her that very afternoon on the set of *Let's Make Love*.

She sent back word for me to come at my convenience (and this is the star who has frequently been accused of being so difficult and aloof?).

I hadn't, however, exactly been prepared for Marilyn to meet me at the entrance to 20th, accompanied by none other than Arthur Miller, their arms linked as they walked forward to greet me!

Marilyn had taken the short stroll from the *Let's Make Love* set wearing her costume for the scene, a black tight-fitting ballet outfit with a touch of deep pink and slippers with high pink heels. She looked slender, far more slender than when she first arrived, and even the heavy screen make-up and the exaggerated beading of her eyelashes couldn't hide that she looked well, healthy and happy. Miller was in casual sports attire and some of the California sun had tanned him. He looked younger than I had expected, standing there with his famous wife, his arm now around her shoulder.

Marilyn's introduction was simple, "I want you two to know each other and be friends," she said.

Arthur shook hands, "Don't you remember we met at Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh's party for Marilyn and me in London?"—which, of course, I did.

He told me he had just returned from Ireland where he had conferred with John Houston who is going to direct Miller's independent picture starring Marilyn, *The Misfits*. We chatted for a moment about Ireland which we both love and then Arthur excused himself.

"I'm on my way back to the hotel to work on the story—and besides you two don't really want a man around," he laughed. And this tall, dark, intelligent and brilliant man didn't worry about spoiling his wife's make-up as he kissed her goodbye.

Luckily, Marilyn was not immediately needed in the scenes as we returned to the set and found two comfortable chairs where we could sit and talk uninterrupted.

As we sat down I said to Marilyn, "It's only fair to warn you that I am going to ask you a lot of personal questions as to what it's like being Mrs. Arthur Miller and how Arthur fits into your life of glamour." Everyone knows that Marilyn's private life with Arthur Miller has been a well-guarded secret and I believe this is the first time she has discussed her personal life with her husband with anyone.

She gave me one of those 'upswept looks' so famous in her screen close-ups. But she was smiling, and *waiting*—so I took the plunge.

"Do you think you would be so madly in love with Arthur if he weren't Arthur Miller, the brilliant author of *Death of a Salesman, The Bridge* and other Broadway successes?" I started.

She didn't hesitate. "Of course I would. I am in love with the man, not the mind. When I first met Arthur I didn't even know he was the famed writer of plays and the Arthur Miller I became attracted to was the man—a man of such charming personality, warmth and friendliness."

Marilyn went on slowly, "I won't say that later I didn't fall *more* in love with him after I grew to know him and to appreciate his great talent and intellect. But I would have loved him for himself without his fine achievements."

Life with a brilliant man

"But living with even a brilliant man can't be all aesthetic," I said, beginning to feel a bit like a dissecting surgeon. "There must be quarrels, at least differences between you."

"This may be hard to believe—but we do not quarrel at all! I mean by that—we don't indulge in ugly scenes and words. Of course, any marriage has to have some adjustments, but why can't they be made in good temper? Neither Arthur nor I are quarrelsome—we aren't quick to fly off the handle about trivial things. True, we do not always agree—but we always adjust these problems with our voices lowered," she smiled again.

"In your private life do you prefer to be called Marilyn Monroe or Mrs. Arthur Miller?"

She didn't have to think about this—"Mrs. Arthur Miller!" and her voice tingled with pride.

"In any marriage, one of the partners usually dominates," I said. "In yours, which one is the boss?"

Someone had brought us two paper-cups of tea and I had decided if this query got lost in the pleasantries of thank-yous, I would repeat it. But Marilyn waited only until we were alone again before she said:

"Well, now I suppose in New York, Arthur is the boss. And here, everything centers around me when I am working."

I had heard that Arthur babied, pampered and petted Marilyn almost as though she were a child. "He *does* baby you, doesn't he?" I said.

She really laughed now—leaning over to pat my arm. "Of course he doesn't, nor does he treat me like a child. I am his *wife* in every sense of that word.

"We meet on common and congenial ground but as a man and a woman!"—and you just know she meant it!

"Of course Arthur advises me and helps me to adjust myself. It has always been a problem with me that I am too easily frightened, retiring, unsure of myself—and he has helped me very much toward overcoming this feeling," Marilyn added.

"You know," I told her, "a psychiatrist said the reason you become ill before starting a picture and during the shooting is that you don't really *want* to be a motion picture star!"

All this time we had been talking, Marilyn had shown no displeasure or impatience. But she did now. Obviously, she had heard this charge before and it was just as obvious that she resented it.

"You, perhaps as well as anyone I know, know how very hard I have worked to become a motion picture star. I love my work; it has brought me much happiness and satisfaction. Any psychiatrist who would make a statement like that cannot be much more than a headline seeker. Such things are supposed to be secret and held inviolate."

She repeated, speaking hurriedly (for her) in her sincerity, "I *do* love acting—and when I am in New York between pictures I attend the Lee Strasberg School and study all the time Arthur is busy on his plays."

When in New York . . .

The mention of her life in New York gave me a rather welcome chance to change the subject and I did with, "Tell me something about the way you and Arthur live in New York."

Her good humor restored, Marilyn seemed happy at the opportunity to discuss her life in the East. "We have really a wonderful set up—an apartment in the heart of New York and a house with beautiful gardens in Connecticut. We actually live a very homey life—we aren't 'night-people,' either of us.

"Our most frequent visitors are Arthur's two children, Janie, fifteen, and Bobby, twelve." (Marilyn actually glowed when she spoke of the Miller children whom she had previously told me she likes very much.) They come to us for dinner every Tuesday, every other week end and for a third of their vacation. They are such nice, well-mannered children and I am very fond of them. I think they like me, too," she said softly but proudly.

I smiled, "Sounds like you run quite an establishment—rather, *two* establishments, Marilyn. Do you have a great deal of help?"

She answered, "To the contrary. We employ one permanent maid, we share a secretary and a cleaning woman comes in as often as we need her depending on how much entertaining we do. When we are in the country—I very often do the cooking."

This was almost too much! The idea of the beautiful, glamorous Marilyn, who looked like she could be kept under glass she was so lovely this day, laboring over a red hot stove was more than I could take. I had to laugh—and for the first time, even she gave that little giggle for which she used to be famous.

But she stuck to her guns. "You'd be surprised—honest. And whether anyone believes it or not, I can do more than scrambled eggs and prepare frozen foods.

I have learned how to make noodles that don't come out of a package—and I bake bread very well."

"Oh, come on now—you buy the mixes," I protested.

"No, I don't—I don't like mixes. I use yeast and set my own bread. Have you ever read *The Joy Of Cooking?* It's a cookbook that gives fine recipes but it also emphasizes the actual happiness there is connected with cooking—and it can be a big pleasure in a woman's life, not a chore. I read it often and it makes me feel happy."

I said, "Marilyn, here you sit looking like a poster girl and talking like a *hausfrau* with a dozen children under her feet!"

"I wish there were," my beautiful friend said softly. Twice Marilyn had lost babies through miscarriages, the last one with great jeopardy to her own life, and her face saddens whenever she speaks of children. She wants one so very much.

"And, I haven't given up hope," she said simply. "More than anything in the world I want a baby, lots of babies. And, God willing, for every baby I have—I'm going to adopt another one." That was a surprise!

"Then, why don't you adopt one now?" I asked. "They say it frequently happens that if a child is adopted, childless parents then are blessed with one of their own."

Marilyn looked thoughtful, "I don't know whether Arthur would like for us to adopt one *first*. But I'm going to take your advice and talk to him about it. Meanwhile, I do not want to seem sad or depressed about it to him—I'm very grateful and happy with my life. It is very full. We are rich in our work and in our family and friends."

"Just who do you and Arthur see the most often socially?" I put in.

The Miller circle

"I suppose our closest friends are Mr. and Mrs. Norman Rosten. He is the playwright-poet and he and Arthur have a lot in common. I like Mrs. Rosten very much, too. We also see Mr. and Mrs. Eitor Rella. He is also a poet and writes plays. Our little circle is rounded out by my husband's publishers and, of course, Paula and Lee Strasberg, dear and close personal friends of mine."

We had been lucky that we had enjoyed such a long chat uninterrupted, but Marilyn was now being summoned before the cameras. Director George Cukor walked over to personally tell Marilyn they were ready.

"Don't leave," she said to me, "I want Paula (Strasberg) to come and chat with you. You'll learn why I am so fond of her,"—and she beckoned for the famed woman-half of the dramatic coaching team to take her chair beside me.

Mrs. Strasberg is indeed a likable person, animated, warm and understanding and she is devoted to her famous pupil.

I told her, "I have never seen Marilyn as relaxed and as much at ease as she is today. Yet she still seems to have periods of illness and nervousness which keep her from working—why do you think this is?"

Mrs. Strasberg answered, "I think my husband has the solution: he says that nervousness indicates sensitivity and that's what Marilyn has, great sensitivity. And then, Marilyn is still frightened, although she is overcoming it. Lee says, 'Show me an actress who isn't frightened and nervous and I will say she won't go far.'

"Marilyn has God-given talent, really phenomenal talent. My husband says she is a combination of Jeanne Eagles and Pauline Lord. Like them, she is greatly misunderstood. Where Marilyn's work is concerned, she wants perfection and to achieve perfection in anything is well nigh impossible. But she constantly seeks it—even at the expense of her health and peace of mind."

Time was getting late and I should be getting off. But I wanted to say good-bye to Marilyn after she completed her scene with Yves Montand, the fascinating French 'one-man show' making his American debut with la Monroe.

Coming from in front of the camera Marilyn said, "Yves is the most exciting new male star of years," she laughed, "He's all *male*, too—a cross between Clark Gable and Marlon Brando. He's going to be a big success in American movies—watch and see."

"Does he win you in *Let's Make Love?*" I prompted.

"Yes, but he thinks I'm in love with Frankie Vaughn, the popular English singer also appearing in his first Hollywood movie. But that's all I'm going to tell you of the plot. Everybody will know what happens—and won't buy tickets," she laughed.

Marilyn linked her arm through mine and walked with me to the door of the stage where my car was waiting.

I was grateful to her for seeing me on such short notice on a day when she was working and I told her so as I kissed her good-bye.

"But you are my *friend*," she said,—as though that explained everything. And certainly to me, it explained much about this beautiful and complicated girl who is today's Star of Stars in the motion picture world. **END**

Marilyn will star in THE MISFITS, *United Artists, and* LET'S MAKE LOVE, *for 20th-Fox.*

Is Liz Afraid to Have a Baby With Eddie?

(Continued from page 36)

They had been fun mornings, these mornings on the rock.

Except that this morning, Eddie noticed, something seemed to be wrong.

For Liz was unusually quiet.

And there was a sadness about her, suddenly, in her eyes, in the set of her lips as she lay there on her back, staring up silently at the sky—a sadness Eddie had not seen in her for a long time now.

He tried, at first, to pretend not to notice; as if, if *he* made with the small talk now, tried to cheer her up, the sadness would vanish.

So he talked—about this, about that, about anything that came to his mind.

But, he saw after a while, that it was doing little good.

Finally, Eddie asked, "Honey . . . is there something wrong?"

"No," Liz whispered.

"Honey," Eddie said again, after a moment, waiting for his wife to look over at him.

She didn't.

"Honey," he said, louder this time, "is—"

"I'm sorry," Liz interrupted him, shaking her head, shifting her eyes to his. "I was distracted . . . I was just looking up at that cloud, that lonely little cloud up there, thinking about what it looked like. . . ."

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She looked back up, and Eddie followed her gaze.

"Well, to me," said Eddie, "—you know what it looks like to me?"

He hesitated.

"Like a lamb, all white, all fleecy . . . huh?" he said.

Liz said nothing.

"A pillow?" Eddie said. "A little bit crumpled up?"

Still, Liz said nothing.

"Okay," said Eddie, laughing. "I give up. *You* tell *me* . . . Come on." He repeated it. "Come on," he said.

"It reminds me," Liz said slowly, softly, finally, "of a baby."

"Hmmmmm," Eddie said. "A baby . . . No, I don't see that exactly. But—"

He stopped as he felt Liz take his hand, and squeeze it, tightly, desperately.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"The wind," said Liz, still staring. "It's breaking it up . . . it's taking the cloud away. . . ."

A dream of a baby

She began to cry, suddenly.

"Liz," Eddie said, confused, worried himself now, "what *is* it? *What's* the matter?"

"It's—" Liz said. "It's that—"

She shook her head.

"It's what?" Eddie asked.

"It's that," Liz said, "that sometimes it comes, in the middle of the night. Like it came last night. Last night, Eddie. . . .

"What comes?" he asked.

"The dream," she said, quickly. "I had it last night. I hadn't had it for a while. But last night, it came again . . . The dream. . . ."

Eddie asked her to tell him about it.

And, after a while, a long long moment of silence, she did.

"It's a simple dream," she said, opening her eyes, looking back at him, "very short, always the same.

"I'm in a chair, sitting in a chair," she said. "And I'm holding a baby, a tiny baby, a new-born baby. And for a while, as I sit there, I wonder whose baby this is that I'm holding. I never know. Not really. And then, a little time goes by, and I look up. And I see someone standing there. And it's you, Eddie—it's you standing there. And you're looking down at me and the baby, and you're smiling. And I realize then that it's our baby. Our baby, Eddie. Yours and mine . . . And then—"

She paused.

"And then what, Liz?" Eddie asked.

"And then," Liz said, "then I wake up. I wake up and I find myself smiling, too, just as if it weren't all a dream, as if it were true. And I keep smiling till . . . till I realize that it isn't true, not at all true. That we have no baby, you and me. That we may never have a baby . . . Till I remember what all the doctors have told me, over and over again, about the risk for me of having another child after three caesareans . . . And I get afraid," she went on. "And then I try not to care. I lie there and I say to myself, 'Well, if you can't have another baby, Elizabeth—not now, as some of the doctors tell you, or not *ever*, as others of them say—well, there's nothing you can do about it, is there?'

"Oh," she said, "I have some lovely talks with myself after my dream. Very cheerful and friendly and understanding. And I feel better after them, too . . . Till—" she said.

But again she paused.

"Till what?" Eddie asked.

"Till," said Liz, "as I grow more and more awake, as I feel you there, lying next to me, you, my husband . . . it comes to me how much I must be disappointing you, Eddie. How much, how very much, I must be letting you down.

Eddie shook his head and started to say something, something that would calm Liz.

"I know, Eddie," she interrupted, "—you don't talk about it. We *never* talk about it, do we? But I know, Eddie, how much you must want a baby, a baby of our own.

"I know," she said, "how much any man who loves a woman and who marries her wants a child of their own to love, too.

"And I know," she said, "what happens sometimes, between two people, when there is no baby. When—"

She stopped.

"I know," she repeated, as again the tears began to come to her eyes.

A story of a marriage

Eddie let her cry it out for a while, wiping away the tears as he had done before, waiting for the sobbing to end.

And when, after a while, it did end, he smiled, and he said, "Honey . . . Liz . . . I want to tell you a little story. An old, a very very old story . . . You want I should tell you an old, old story, Liz?"

"Don't kid with me, Eddie," she said. "Not now."

"I'm not kidding," Eddie said. "This is a story I heard my grandmother tell me when I was a kid—a genuine, bona fide, serious story . . . Do you want to hear it?"

Liz shrugged.

"Well," Eddie said, starting anyway, "you see, my grandmother was taking care of me, at her house, this one day. And we were eating lunch, just the two of us, when this gal who lived next door—her name was Florence, I remember—walked in and took one look at my grandmother, who was, I should tell you, a sort of confessor to the whole neighborhood, and she started to cry and bawl all over the place.

"'What's the matter, Fagele, my dear?' I remember my grandmother asking her.

"'The doctor,' Florence said, 'I just came from the doctor, and he told me, once and for all, that I couldn't have a child. How,' she said, 'oh how am I going to tell this to my husband, for one thing? And, for another thing, how am I going to hold my husband now, a man who, like other men, wants a child? What,' she said, 'what is a marriage without a child?'

"And when Florence was all through talking and crying, my grandmother said to her, 'But honestly, my dear, don't you know the story of Baraak and Shoshana?'

"'Of who?' Florence asked.

"'Baraak and Shoshana,' my grandmother said, 'the lovers of old times gone by.'

"'You mean like Romeo and Juliet?' Florence asked.

"'I mean,' my grandmother said, a little annoyed, 'like Baraak and Shoshana. These lovers *I* talk of,' she said, 'were *married* lovers, thank you.'

"And then she told their story.

"She said, 'Baraak, my dear Fagele, he was a farmer, a very good man and a very good farmer. And Shoshana, a most beautiful young girl, she was his wife. And for the first few years of their married life they were so happy, so perfect together, that people from all over the place, from the other farms, all over, used to refer to them as Baraak and Shoshana, the most perfect and happiest of couples.

"'People used to envy them, and admire them, both at the same time . . . The way they worked together in the fields, planted and reaped their crops, side by side, all the time . . . The way, together, they built the house in which they lived, a lovely and handsome domicile, with their own hands, side by side . . . The way, together, they built another most magnificent edifice, a granary, where they could store their crops after the harvest . . . The way they did all sorts of things together, for one another.

"'Yes, people used to envy them, and admire them.

"'Except that after a few years, Baraak and Shoshana—especially Shoshana—did not feel that they were either so happy or so perfect.

"'Because of a very simple factor.

The wise man's answer

"'There was, you see, no child in their life. No son. No daughter. No nothing.

"'And oh, after a while, Shoshana would weep, all the time weep, because she was childless.

"'And her weeping would annoy Baraak, who wanted a little smiling around the place once in a while, and not all this weeping.

"'But Shoshana, she couldn't help it.

"'And so she wept.

"'Until her eyes, which had been at one time blue like the sky at sunrise were now red, like that same sky, at sunset.

"'Until the tears she shed became the best friends of her cheeks.

"'Until she became *atzboni*—which, in case you don't know, Fagele, my dear, is Hebrew, for nervous wreck.

"'Until Baraak, too, was becoming *atzboni*.

"'Until,' Grandma said, 'until the wonderful *zaken cha'cham*, the wise old man, came along that day and saw Shoshana sitting outside her house, weeping, and said to her, "My dear, what is wrong that you are weeping so?"'

"'Well, Shoshana, who at this point would tell anybody her troubles, certainly told the wise old man.

"'And she said, "Because, *zaken cha'cham*, my marriage with Baraak is childless and because, as everybody knows, in children there is love and love is the most important thing in any marriage."

"'I see,' said the wise old man. 'I see . . . yes . . . hmmmm . . . yes.'

"'And then he looked behind where Shoshana sat, at the house behind her, and he said, "My dear, excuse me for being inquisitive. But this house behind you, it is certainly a handsome and lovely domicile.

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And, if you would be so kind to tell me—who built it, please?"

"'And Shoshana said, "The house? Why, that was built by Baraak and me, by our own hands, when we were first married, *zaken cha-cham.*"

"'Hmmmm,' said the old man, nodding, 'yes . . . I see.'

"'And then he said, "That wonderful-looking field out there, with the wheat and the corn and what-have-you, growing there, so strong and so well-tended . . . that was planted by you and Baraak, I imagine?"

"'Yes,' said Shoshana, 'by none but the two of us.'

"'So pardon me, but just one more question,' said the wise old man, sniffing in deeply. 'I smell coming from somewhere, from the kitchen of your house I presume, the most delicious aroma of cooking.'

"'And Shoshana said, "Yes, *zaken cha'-cham,* it is chicken soup I have made for me and for Baraak."

"'And then the old man said, "But tell me, dear, is there not love in all this?"

"'He sniffed in again, deeply.

"'In the chicken soup, *zaken cha'cham?*' asked Shoshana, incredulous.

"'Yes . . . yes,' said the wise old man. 'In the chicken soup, for one thing. Is there not love in that—in the preparation of food for your husband, to fill his stomach with good dishes and aromas and nourishment such as that after a hard day of work?'

"'Shoshana said nothing to the question, which struck her as very strange.

Love in this

"'And,' said the wise old man, going on, pointing to the house, 'is there not love in this, the house that the two of you have built together, with your own hands?'

"'He pointed to the field. "And in *that?*" he asked. "Is there," he asked, then, "is there not love in all of this—and is not love itself a child, your child, the child of you and Baraak?

"'You weep for a child, Shoshana,' he said. 'Well, my dear, that, *that,* the matter of being able to have children or not, that is a matter in the hands of God. To some he gives children. To others he does not.

"'Only God knows why.

"'But—and remember this, Shoshana—though God may deny a child to some people, as he may deny wealth to others, beauty to still others, certain things to certain others of us—there is one thing that he never denies.

"'And that is love, Shoshana.

"'Love—the child he gives to all married people; a love to be treated tenderly . . . like a baby. To be held tight and jealously to the breast. To be nursed, nourished. To be treasured. . . .'

"'He sighed.

"'And then he said, "I, Shoshana, I am only an old man who speaks to you. But," he said, "having seen much in my long life, let me add just this . . . *Ni Yodea?* Who knows? Who knows that someday this great and divine power that is God might not grant you the baby which you seek, for both yourself and Baraak . . . Eh?" he asked. . . .'"

Eddie stopped.

"And that," asked Liz, "is that the end of the story?"

"The way my grandmother told it, it is," said Eddie.

"But Shoshana and Baraak," Liz asked, "—did they ever have their child?"

"Ni yodea?" Eddie asked, "who knows?"

As he smiled at his wife.

As she smiled back at him.

Liz stars in TWO FOR THE SEESAW, *U.A.;* CLEOPATRA, *for 20th-Fox; and Liz and Eddie are in* BUTTERFIELD 8, *for MGM.*

There it was again. That odd sensation in his throat, that stifling headache. Not severe at all, but, as Jimmy Stewart complained to his worried wife Gloria, these minor aches just never seemed to go away.

Gloria had asked him before to see their doctor, but Jimmy always insisted that he wasn't a hypochondriac, and that he wasn't going to waste a busy man's time with an ailment he could hardly describe. So he'd down a couple of aspirin, straighten his tie, slam on his hat and tell her, "I'm going for a little walk. The fresh air will do me good."

But it wouldn't.

The slight headache, the vague sore throat was still there.

And Jimmy did nothing about it. . . .

Then the Stewarts got a wonderful invitation. The Maharajah of Cooch-Behar invited them to be his guests in Calcutta. The most exciting event of their stay would be an Indian tiger hunt.

They were looking forward to this thrilling adventure. As they got busy making plans, getting their shots, checking their passports, Gloria, with wifely intuition, suggested, "We'll be leaving in a few weeks, darling, so you'll have just enough time to get that check-up you promised me."

And so it was that next morning Jimmy Stewart straightened his tie, slammed on his hat, and set off for the doctor's.

When he got back he told Gloria, "Well, they couldn't find anything. I knew it was nothing. . . ."

A few days later Gloria presented him with two packages from a leading men's shop in Beverly Hills. "It's a prescription," she explained. "I got it filled for you. Open it."

Jimmy unwrapped the boxes in amazement.

Six white shirts and a hat.

"The doctor phoned this morning," she smiled, "and said that there certainly wasn't anything wrong organically with you, but that he noticed you seemed uncomfortable when you buttoned up your shirt and put on your hat. And he got to thinking, could be they were strangling you, just a little. Maybe all you needed was a larger size. . . !"

The diagnosis seemed to be the correct one.

. . . Jimmy admits that he hadn't changed his size since he was sixteen, and as they flew off on their vacation, reported that he was feeling great!

Jimmy Stewart:
SPECIAL PRESCRIPTION



The Small World of Mr. Big

(*Continued from page 44*)

on but his shorts, scratching his legs. And then he'll see you and he'll say 'Oooooops, why didn't you tell me somebody was here?'"

"This," said Nina Maffey, pointing to the girl, "is my daughter, Vivi."

"Hi," Vivi said. "I'm going to be an actress, and famous someday, I hope."

"And this," said Nina, indicating a girl seated next to Vivi, "is my other daughter, Vana."

"*She,*" said Vivi, "just wants to grow up and *marry* somebody famous—like Frankie Avalon."

"Shhhh!" Vana said, poking her sister, giggling, turning bright red.

"And this little one," Nina said, completing the introductions, pointing to a boy who'd been following us, "is my son, Gary. He's four. And you look at him and you see his Uncle Bobby when he was this age. Thin. Big brown shining eyes." She covered Gary's ears, momentarily. "Very cute, and *very* smart," she said, winking. Then, bringing down her hands, she walked to the stove to check some coffee that was brewing. And she said, "In fact, I think Gary here is the next generation's Bobby Darin. He's always singing, just like his uncle when he was this age."

"Mama," Gary asked, "are you gonna tell Uncle Bobby and the eggs?"

"Later, honey," Nina said. "—How about giving us a song for now?"

Without any hesitation, Gary said, "Sure."

"Just like Bobby—see?" Nina said. "I remember somebody'd come to the house and they'd say, 'You going to give us a song?' and Bobby'd say, 'Sure, watch me. I'm Bobby!' . . . All right, Gary."

The little boy took a deep breath and began to sing:

Oh the shark dear
Has such teeth dear
And he shows them
Poi-ly wife!—

Suddenly, he stopped, bowed and left the room.

Bobby and those moods

"Bobby started singing even younger," Nina said then. "When he was two and a half, I remember, he came over to me one day and he said, 'Nina, I sing for you, okay?' 'Okay,' I said. I thought I was going to hear something like *Mary Had a Little Lamb*. So what does he do? He begins to sing *McNamara's Band*. Honest to God. The whole thing, about twelve verses. Just from hearing it on the radio. And then he follows it with this song called *Turkish Delight*—word for word. And then he picks up a harmonica, one of those dollar-and-a-half Woody Herman things we had laying around the house, and he starts to play the *Saber Dance* by *Khachaturian!!* Well, I figured then, that day, that we had a real honest-to-goodness musician on—"

"Mom," Vivi said, interrupting, holding up one of the letters she'd been looking through. "Here's one from a girl in Texas who says that Uncle Bobby is a grouchy snob, that he is very moody—and conceited—and that nobody likes him for this."

"I don't like *her,* this girl in Texas," said Vana.

"She says," Vivi continued, "that she read this and she wants to know if and why Uncle Bobby is like this. 'Please answer,' she says . . . Should I, Mom?"

"*I'd* like to answer," Nina said, pouring the coffee now. "I'd like to answer all the people who say these things about my brother. And do you know what I'd say? I'd say the truth—that sometimes Bobby *is* grouchy, sometimes he *is* snobby, sometimes he *is* moody, conceited. But *this* is Bobby Darin, I'd say, and this is the way you've got to take him if you want to take him at all." She took a deep breath, brought the coffee cups to the table, and sat. Facing us, she said, "You know, when he was ten months old we could see that he was going to be the moody type. Ten months!—and there he'd be with a face this long half the time. And you could cootchy-coo him all you wanted, you could stand on your head, do *anything,* and it wouldn't matter. He was in a mood. And boy, there was no changing it.

"Even as he grew up," she went on, remembering, "he was moody lots of the time. We used to think it was his sickness, at the beginning. He had rheumatic fever something terrible and for years he was in the most awful pain . . . Thank God *that* ended. I don't know how he stood it. He'd have to lay in bed all the time, not moving, because to move caused him pain. And you couldn't touch him, he ached so much all over. And when he'd have to go to the bathroom and Charlie, my husband, would have to pick him up and begin to carry him and the way he'd scream—"

She paused, and shook her head. "Anyway," she said, "we thought then that this sickness was most of the reason for Bobby's moodiness . . . But even when he got better, after a few years, the moods remained. And you know, the fascinating thing is how where with other people, when they're like that, moody, you feel like saying 'Aw, get lost!'—well, with Bobby, it's always like a magnetic thing, the way people flock around him all the time when he's moody, and the way they all get so affected by these moods. . . . It's like a comedy sometimes."

"You remember the night with the pastrami sandwiches, Mom?" Vivi asked.

"I was just remembering," Nina said. "—You see, one night a couple of years ago, before Bobby became famous, he was sitting around the house with a whole bunch of people—his *entourage,* as they say."

"Uncle Bobby's entourage," Vivi interrupted, "started long before *he* did."

"That's right," Nina said. "So," she went on then, "they're all sitting around. And they're very quiet. Because Bobby is in a mood, about his appetite, what he wants to eat, of all things. And he's not talking. And *they're* not talking, of course. And then, all of a sudden, Bobby jumps up from the chair where he's sitting and he says, 'I know what I need to put me right. A pastrami sandwich. How about it?' he says to the others, smiling now. And they all jump up, too, and smile, too, and they say, 'Yeah, a pastrami sandwich—just the thing.' And they're all just about at the door when Bobby stops and says, 'Naw, pastrami's not going to do me any good.' And he goes and sits down again. And so do the others. Till about ten minutes later, all of a sudden, he jumps up and says, 'Chop Suey, that's what I want!' So, again, the others get all excited and they say, 'Yeah, that's it—Chop Suey!' . . . Well, to make a long story short, let me just tell you that when they got to the door Bobby decided he really didn't want Chop Suey, either, and so they all turned around and went to sit down again—and that this went on and on I don't know how many times, until at one point Bobby yelled out 'Pizza!', as if he really meant it this time, and the others cheered and said, 'Pizza! Yeah! That's swell!'—and, finally, finally, they all left."

Nina laughed heartily at the memory. And then she explained:

"Now this, like I said, is *before* Bobby became famous. So you can't say that these other people—the entourage—hung around and put up with these moods because they were getting paid for it or because they figured that no matter what Bobby decided to buy for himself he'd buy for them too. Bobby didn't have more than a few dollars to his name at the time. It was each man for himself. These people, they just enjoyed being around Bobby. And the moodier he was, the better a time they seemed to have."

Nina looked down at the letter again.

"Conceited," she said, reading the word. "Now about his being conceited—" she started to say.

A fan comes to look

There was a knock on the back door.

Vana got up to see who it was.

"Hello," she said, seeing a little girl, standing there.

"Hello," said the little girl. "Is your Uncle Bobby home yet?"

"Uh-huh," said Vana.

"Can I come in to see him?" she asked.

"He's asleep now," said Vana.

"Oh," said the little girl, excitedly, "that's the way I'd really like to see him. When he's asleep—"

Nina sighed and walked over to the door. "Sweetie," she said, "you have a big brother, don't you? And does he like it if you walk into his room while he's sleeping, to take a look at him?"

"I never want to see *him* sleeping," said the little girl.

"Well then," said Nina, ignoring the answer, "Bobby wouldn't like it either. . . . Now why don't you come back later and take a look at him when he's awake. All right?"

"All right," the little girl said, disappointed.

"Some of these kids," Nina said, sighing again, closing the door. "—Now, where was I?"

"About Uncle Bobby being conceited," said Vivi.

"Oh yeah," said Nina.

She was just about to begin talking again when Gary walked back into the room, and over to us.

He was carrying a cat.

"This is Splish-Splash," he said. "He has six fingers on each hand, 'stead of five. And he thinks he's a dog . . . I have a dog, too," he added, quickly. "Uncle Bobby gave him to me. His name's Geronimo."

Nina leaned over and patted her son's head. "Why don't you see if you can *find* Geronimo," she said.

Gary looked up at her.

"Mama, did you tell the story about Uncle Bobby and the eggs *yet?*" he asked.

"Later," Nina said.

"Please, Mama—tell it now," Gary said.

Nina smiled. "All right. Real fast, though." To us, winking, she said, "This is Gary's favorite Uncle Bobby story of all time."

Then she said, in recitation-voice: "Once upon a time there was a boy named Bobby. His daddy had gone to Heaven and his Mama was sick and so he was very poor, and lived in a little dumpy apartment in The Bronx, New York. And Bobby didn't have many toys, he was so poor. And it was hard to have fun, being without toys and being so poor. So this one day he decided to invent a game, all by himself. First, he went into the kitchen and he found a few empty milk bottles. And then he went to the icebox and he found about three dozen eggs there. Now why were there so many eggs there? Because this

boy Bobby's family was on what they call Relief, and every week the family would get coupons for food—and sometimes the coupons were for only one kind of food—and this week they were only for eggs."

"That's why," Gary asked, "there was so many eggs in the icebox?"

"Yes," Nina said. "So Bobby," she went on, "to have fun this day, lined up all the milk bottles and then began to play bowling balls. With the eggs! And one by one, the eggs crashed against the milk bottles—and broke."

"How, Mama?" Gary asked, excitedly.

"Like this," Nina said. She closed her eyes and shuddered: "Pow, pow, pow, pow, pow, pow . . . *pow!*"

Gary giggled in delight.

"All right with the egg story?" Nina asked, opening her eyes.

"Yes," Gary said.

All about conceit

"*Now,*" Nina asked, "you'll go find Geronimo?"

"Yes," the boy said, rushing away.

"And *now,*" Nina asked again, when he was gone, "*where* was I?"

"Conceit!" Vivi and Vana said together.

"Oh that's right," Nina said, "about Bobby's conceitedness: this is what I'd like to say to anybody who brings *that* subject up. Conceitedness, I'd like to say first, probably isn't the right word even. Because the word conceited means that you have the idea you're good, that you think you're good. Well, in Bobby's case, he *knows* he's good. And to me this isn't conceit. It's assurance. An assurance he has of his talent. . . Bobby isn't conceited about other things. Not about his looks, God knows. In fact one day a photographer was here taking pictures and he said, 'Okay, Jimmy, how about a shot over here?' And Bobby laughed and said, 'You've got it wrong, Mister—Jimmy Darren's the actor, the good-looking one. I'm Bobby Darin, the singer, the homely one.' . . . So it's not about his looks that Bobby brags, or anything like that. But about his talent. And if you say he's *bad* to go around bragging like this, then you've got to say equally well that it's *good* to be a hypocrite."

Nina put down the letter she'd been holding all this while, and she smiled.

"You know, though," she said, "it's funny how somebody like my brother can, at the same time he's bragging about himself, feel so strongly about other people—in such a quiet way, a humble way. I mean, I don't think that I have ever met a person on this earth who had less prejudice, *no* prejudice, towards any of his fellow men . . . big or small . . . especially small."

A phone, in the next room, rang and interrupted her.

Nina got up, excused herself.

A minute or two later, she was back. "That," she said, "was one of Bobby's would-be girlfriends, some dancer from New York."

"Goll-eeeee," Vivi, her daughter, said. "Soon as they know he's home they start calling for dates. . . . Is that what she wanted, Mama, to know what Bobby was doing tonight?"

Nina nodded. Then to us, she said, "You'd think they'd know by now that if there's one thing Bobby doesn't like is a pushy girl. I told this one, whoever she was, that he was sleeping and that she should call back later. But between you and me, I don't think it's going to get her very far."

We asked Nina to tell us something about her brother and his girlfriends.

"Well," she said, "he's never had any girlfriends, really—not as far as I know. I mean girls he's gone out with steady, over a period of time. . . . The very first time he went out on a real date. I remember, was his high school prom. I remember this because, being so casual about so many things, he was really excited about this, asking me all that day what he should do at the dance, what he should talk about. That night, I remember, I drove him and his date to the dance. I had this old Model-A Ford and I took them to this snazzy hotel down on Fifty-ninth Street. *And* I let them off about half a block from the hotel so I shouldn't embarrass them. . . . But what I remember most about the whole thing is the next day, Bobby saying to me that he'd had a nice time, that the girl was nice, all that—but that he'd decided that he wasn't ready to settle down to any single girl the way some of the other fellows at the prom seemed to be, that he wanted to take his time before deciding who the main girl in his life would be. . . . And, far as I know, this is the way it's been since. Bobby goes out. With lots of girls. But nothing very serious. He's still taking his time."

The girl he'd marry

We asked Nina then if she could picture the kind of girl her brother would eventually settle down with, marry.

"I can see her, yes," Bobby's sister said. "First, she will be a very feminine type. Very petite. She laughed. "Not like me, for instance, the hefty type."

"Mom," Vivi said, "you're *Junoesque.*"

"Call it what you will, sweetheart," Nina said, laughing again, "but the common word is hefty. . . ."

She thought for a moment.

"Then," she said, "for some reason, she will be fair-haired, light brown or blonde. Don't ask me why. I just see her this way."

Another pause:

"Then," Nina said, "she will be an understanding type, understanding from the word go. To put up with Bobby in these moods I was telling you about before, to help him when he's under some of the pressures of this business he's in—she'll have to be understanding, very very understanding."

"—And a good housecleaner," Vivi put in. "You should see Uncle Bobby with us. He always wants the house spick-and-span when he's home. . . . We're just through eating and he says, 'Okay, Vivi, you clear the table—and you, Vana, over to the sink and get that water pushing through the pipes.'"

"I wish," Nina said, nodding, "that he were home more often."

"It's true," Vivi said, chuckling, "he's a real slave-driver sometimes."

Nina nodded. And then she said, "—And I see her, this girl who marries Bobby someday, as having one other thing. A great sense of humor. Dry. So dry that she could pull his legs off with it and he wouldn't feel the pain."

"Like Grandma's." Vana said.

"Yes—like the kind of sense of humor my mother had," Nina said. "In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if, subconsciously, Bobby were looking around for a girl like our mom."

She paused for a long moment.

"Mom," she said, after a while, "—she was a remarkable woman. . . . Before she married my father she'd been in show business, a musical comedy star. But after she married she gave up the business—completely—until Bobby came along and she saw, after a while, that he could amount to something in this business she'd loved, respected, so much.

"She's the one who encouraged Bobby. I mean *encouraged* him—the one who told him, through all the years, that nothing could ever stop him as long as *he* never stopped.

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"People who didn't know Mama well criticized her sometimes," Nina went on. "Friends. Relatives . . . 'So he's got a nice voice, a nice style,' they'd say, '—but why do you make it as though he's the most marvelous thing since John Barrymore and Sarah Bernhardt combined?' And Mama would say 'Because he *is* the most marvelous thing, that's why!'

"As far as Mama was concerned, there was nothing that her Bobby could do wrong. I think, I really think, that if he walked into the house one day and said, 'Mama, I just killed somebody,'—she would have said to him, 'Well, killing is a bad thing, but *you* must have had some good reason, Bobby.'

"There was nothing she wouldn't do for him. If making sure that Bobby would be a success someday meant her jumping off the top of the Empire State Building, Mama wouldn't have thought about it twice. She would have jumped—smiling."

No one understood

Nina paused again.

Then:

"Some people—and there were more than just some people—quite a few people, in fact—wondered about this relationship they had, my mother and my brother. They thought it was too much. They used to be surprised the way Mama would talk to Bobby sometimes, like when out of the clear blue she'd say something like, 'Bobby, you have beautiful eyes—now learn to use them, so that when you get up in front of an audience you can really wow them!' . . . And they used to be surprised, these people, shocked, at the way Bobby would spend so much time following Mama's advice, like the way he'd stand in front of a mirror and practice with his eyes. But what they didn't realize was that my mother knew show business—and, more important, knew her son's talent and his love for show business. And that there was no point she wouldn't go to, to see that he made it in this business."

Nina looked down now, and was suddenly silent.

"Mom," Vivi said, "—you didn't even touch your coffee yet. It's cold. Do you want me to heat it up?"

But Nina didn't seem to hear her daughter.

She remained silent for a while longer.

And then, speaking again, she said:

"There was so much criticism. Even towards the end.

"It was only a year ago. . . .

"Bobby was at the beginning of making it big.

"Mama was very sick with her heart.

"Bobby had to be away on tours in California, TV shows, record hops, this, that.

"And there were people who said, 'You'd think if he loved his mother so much, that he'd be home more now, now that it's the end.'

"But—but if they'd only known how proud Mama was. How happy she was.

"Lying in her bed. Watching her son on the television, or listening to his records. Not caring that she was dying. But knowing that the talent in her boy, the talent she had seen so far back, so long ago, was beginning to *live*. . . ."

Nina looked up. And she wiped away some of the tears which had come suddenly to her eyes.

"There are always critics," she said. "—Like some of the people who said, just before Mama died, 'You'd think he'd buy her a nicer house than that place in Lake Hiawatha'—*this* place . . . 'After all,' they'd say, 'it's not very fancy, and a guy making that much money, who's supposed to love his mother so much, you'd think—' "

Nina stopped, and shook her head.

"If they knew," she said, "that Bobby knew Mama didn't have long. That he bought this place for her before he really made his big success, with some of the money he'd saved from his little jobs—

"If they knew that he knew he couldn't wait for his success to give her a little extra happiness, that he wanted her to have at least a little time in a better world than what she'd known, even a small house like this compared to that dumpy little apartment in The Bronx where she'd had to live most of her life—

"If they knew what *this* place meant to her. . . ."

Nina stopped again.

"Excuse me," she said, as she walked out of the room.

We got up, too, a moment later.

"Are you leaving?" Vivi, Nina's daughter, asked us.

We said yes, we were.

"But Uncle Bobby isn't up yet," Vivi said. "You didn't even get the story you came for."

We told Vivi that she was wrong.

We got the story, we said. **END**

Bobby guest-stars in Columbia's PEPE.

An Open Letter to Sandra Dee

(Continued from page 49)

Yet you did not go to see your father, nor your brother.

Nor did you phone him.

Nor did you ask anyone about them, how they were, where they were; not one question did you ask about them, not once did you mention their names.

Why, Sandra?

Why?

Oh yes, we all know about your family history—how your mother, Mary, and your father, John Zuck, were divorced twelve years ago, when you were six; how your mother then married Eugene Douvan, her boss, who loved you, took care of you, called you "my daughter" till the day of his sudden death in 1956; how since that day you have mourned Eugene Douvan, referred to him in stories and interviews as "my daddy." While, actually, your true father was still alive.

Your true father—yet a man whose existence you deny, a man whose existence you ignore.

Why, Sandra?

Why?

You are not a cold girl.

You are not a thoughtless girl.

On the contrary, you are and always have been one of the most delightful, most sincere, most lovely girls we have ever known.

We like you, very very much.

And it is *because* we like you so much that we are concerned about you—concerned that you are now, right now, this minute, making the greatest mistake of your life, living one of the most terrible lies a person can live.

As you did that Tuesday.

March 22.

That triumphant day of your homecoming when you smiled and waved and thousands of people smiled and waved back at you.

That day bands played in your honor.

That day kids and grownups alike screeched happily at the sight of you and begged you for autographs.

That day Mayor Brady and Congressman Gallagher's wife and all the others praised you in speech after speech.

That day you rode through the streets of your old hometown in a long black Cadillac limousine, escorted by two police cars, four motorcycles.

That day you said you would always remember—for as long as you lived.

That day, that same day, a man and a little boy sat waiting, in a small apartment over on West Twenty-fourth Street, that same apartment in which you had once lived, waiting to see if you would remember them. . . .

My sister Sandra Dee

Their day—your father's and Kenny's—began at exactly 7:45 that morning when the little boy awoke, rushed from his bed and ran into the kitchen where Pauline, his mother, your father's present wife, was preparing breakfast.

"Mommy, Mommy," he shouted, according to the way Pauline tells it. "Today's Tuesday, and my sister Sandra Dee is coming. Isn't she, Mommy?"

Pauline explained that you, Sandra, were indeed coming to *Bayonne*. But that she didn't know whether or not you would come by to see *them*.

"Oh yes she will, you wait and see," Kenny said. "She's my *sister!*"

At that moment, your father walked into the room.

"Won't she, Daddy, won't she come and see us finally?" the little boy asked again, as he'd asked many times before.

And again, Sandra, it was explained to him that no one could be sure.

"Maybe," your father said.

"Maybe."

He looked at the table then. It was all set.

"Now," he said, "let's eat. And later we'll see what's going to be. . . ."

It was a few minutes before nine o'clock when Pauline kissed Kenny and your father good-bye and left for work. You see, Sandra, your dad was in an accident a few months ago. He hurt his foot, pretty badly. Just at about the time he was set to go back to work things got slow at his place, and he was laid off. He hasn't been able to work since. And so Pauline, to help out, took a job as a clerk-typist at the Maidenform Co. plant. And so, this morning, she left for work, as usual, at about nine o'clock.

Nine o'clock . . . Just about the same time you were leaving the Hotel Drake on New York's swank Park Avenue that morning and—accompanied by your mother, your hairdresser, your tutor and a few publicists from your studio, Universal-International—got into the Caddy that would take you to New Jersey, and Bayonne.

It was, in fact, while you were making the drive to Jersey that Kenny and your father had their first long talk about you. *First* long talk, because normally your father doesn't talk much about you to Kenny. "It hurts me too much," he's explained, understandably.

But this morning it was different. . . .

From real life

Kenny started the talk.

"Daddy," he said, "do you remember Sandra Dee, my sister?"

"Sure I do," your father said.

"But you never go see her in the movies like me and mommy," Kenny said. "How could you remember?"

"I remember her when she was a little

girl," your father said. He smiled. "From real life," he said.

"Like what do you remember," Kenny asked, "—best of all?"

"Little things," your father said. He thought for a moment. "The way her and I were buddies when she was small."

"Like us?" Kenny asked.

"Like us," your father said. And then he said: "The way I used to call her Cookie sometimes—just like I call you sometimes . . The way, when she first started school, I used to help her with her homework, especially the additions and subtractions, in arithmetic . . . The way I used to read her stories from those big fairy tale books, about the people who always ended up living happily ever after. She really liked those! . . . The way we used to go to the park together on nice days and buy popsicles, one for her and one for me"

Your father stopped.

"What else do you remember about my sister, Sandra Dee?" Kenny persisted.

"What else?" your father asked. "Well. I remember," he said. "I remember how when she was small, like you, I used to work as a bus driver then. And how sometimes I used to bring her on my route with me, let her sit in the seat next to where I did. All the way from Jersey City to New York and back again. That long a ride."

"What else, Daddy?" Kenny asked.

"When she was first born—I remember that, too," your father said. "She was born right here in this house. I mean, she was born in the Margaret Hague Hospital over in Jersey City. But she lived in this house from the day she came home. And boy, that day she came home. I was carrying her, from the car. And I was pretty young, and nervous. And scared, too, I guess. And as I was carrying her, I was just outside the front door when all of a sudden I almost tripped and dropped her."

Kenny laughed a little boy's laugh. "You almost dropped her?" he asked.

"Yes," your father said, not laughing. "And you know what I swore then?" His voice trailed off a little here. "I swore then that I'd never let my baby go . . . or let anything bad ever happen to her."

"And what else?" Kenny asked, impatiently.

"I remember the first time she did get hurt," your father said then. "Downstairs. The front door. Sandy, she always had a habit of wanting to open that door by putting her hand on the glass and pushing, instead of on the knob. I used to warn her about this. But one day—it was a Sunday, I remember; Sandy'd been playing over at Mrs. Skranko's house, next door—and I was inside, here. And I heard this crash. And I ran out, and there was Sandy—she'd come back from Mrs. Skranko's—and her hands had gone through the glass pane of the door and were all bleeding. I yelled at her at first. 'See, I told you,' I said. And then I picked her up and carried her to the sink and put her hands under the cold water. And then I bandaged them. And kissed them."

Again he stopped.

"Daddy," Kenny asked, "don't you think my sister will come and see us today?"

"I don't know, Son," your father said.

"Doesn't she like us, Daddy?" Kenny asked.

And before your father had a chance to answer, Kenny said, "Sure she likes us. And you know what, Daddy—she *is* going to come to see us."

He got into your father's lap.

"I promise, Daddy, she *is*," he said.

And so, Sandra, for the next few hours, they waited.

Your father and little brother waited. And continued waiting. . . .

The Sandra Dee day

And you, Sandra. You, meanwhile—this is what you were doing those hours:

At 9:30, or a few minutes after, your limousine pulled up to the Lexington Shop, a lingerie store, just across from the DeWitt Theater where you would appear that night. You posed outside the store in the shivering cold for a few minutes and then you went inside and signed autographs and greeted old friends for about half an hour.

At ten o'clock you got back into the car and drove over to P.S. 3, the school you'd attended when you were a little girl. Those were a touching two hours that followed. So touching that you broke down and cried when you stepped onto that stage in the big old auditorium and when a couple of hundred kids rose and gave you the biggest ovation you've ever received. It was here where Dr. Phillips, the principal, made his speech of welcome; where Ronald Bressler, a boy you'd attended school with, made his. Where your three favorite teachers—Mrs. Sharf, Mrs. Pearl and Mrs. Tierney—came onto the stage to say hello. Where nine little girls came out then and sang and tapdanced to a song written specially for you. Where Elaine Kunecz, another student, presented you with a loving cup inscribed:

To Sandra Dee,
Famed Screen Actress,
Who Brought
Renown
To Her City.

Yes, they were a touching two hours.

As were the two hours that followed, over at the big Industrial YMCA on Avenue E, where the Kiwanis Club of Bayonne gave a luncheon in your honor. Where you sat on the dais, flanked by local bigwigs and tons of flowers and looked down at the table directly beneath you, where your mother sat, and your great-grandfather, and your grandmother and grandfather, and your Uncle Peter and Aunt Olga, and your cousins Hope and Michael, all of them proud, so proud.

Proud.

And smiling.

And even laughing when, at one point, Bob Brown, WNTA disk jockey and master of ceremonies at the luncheon, asked you: "Sandra, back in Hollywood, when those chi-chi actresses say, *'I'm* from Budapest . . . *I'm* from Paris . . . *I'm* from Rome'—what do you say?"

And you yelled out: *"Bayonne,* that's what I tell 'em!"

Proud.

And smiling.

And laughing—your family.

Or rather, half your family.

For remember, Sandra, that over in the little apartment on West Twenty-fourth Street, John Zuck, your father, and Kenny Zuck, your brother, were still waiting for you. . . .

The long wait

"How did I feel, waiting?" your father asked back, when we put the question to him, later. "I don't know. I guess you could say I felt deep down in my heart, at first, that Sandy would show up at one point, or call. I guess you could say I felt this way because this was the way I wanted it to all happen, and the way Kenny wanted it.

"But," your father went on, "after a while I got this feeling that it wasn't going to happen, not really. Pauline came home from work, for lunch, and then went away again. The clock kept ticking. Time passed. Every once in a while the phone

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rang and I'd pick it up thinking maybe it was Sandy—but twice it was friends, just calling, they said, and the other times it was crank calls from kids who kept asking, 'Is it true? Are you Sandra Dee's real father?'—and then giggling and hanging up.

"And so, more and more, I got the feeling that no, it wasn't going to happen, that I wasn't going to get to see my baby."

And then, Sandra, your father told us this story:

"Because," he said, "it came back to me what happened once before, the last time we ever saw each other. It was back when Sandy must have been fourteen or fifteen years old. Her mother had remarried by then—man named Gene Douvan—a man with quite a bit of money. And Sandy was living in New York with them, with lots of clothes and nice things. And this one day, for some reason, she happened to be in Jersey City and my brother, Custer, saw her. And Custer said, 'Sandy, why don't you get together with your father for a little while? He'd like that.' So Sandy came to where I was working. And we talked. And we had some laughs, and everything was going real nice. And so then I said to her, 'Sandy, why don't you and me get to see each other a little more?' And she said, 'All right, Daddy, I'd like that very much.' And I said to her 'How about Saturday? Why don't I take the day off and come into New York and the two of us can go to a show together and then go for a bite to eat together, and talk, and get to know each other again, a little bit at least?' And Sandy said, 'All right, Daddy, that would be fine.' She asked me for my phone number and said she'd call me that Friday night, so I'd know where to pick her up and what time the next day. And then she left. And boy, those next few days I felt great. After all, I was going to have a date with my kid. And it had to be right, I told myself, it had to be right. So first thing I went out and bought myself a new suit. And then I polished up the car, this old Buick I had. And I looked in the papers to see what movies were playing on Broadway, at Radio City, because I wanted to take my baby to the best show in town.

"And then," your father went on, Sandra, "—and then, Friday night came and there was no phone call from my Cookie. 'Well,' I figured, 'she's probably busy and she'll call me tomorrow morning.' But the next morning there was no phone call either. Till finally, I didn't know what to do, sitting there around the house in my new suit, waiting. And so I called her. And I spoke to her mother. And Mary, my ex-wife, she said, 'I'm sorry, John, but something came up and Sandy can't make it.' . . . And that was that.

"And so," your father told us, "I guess I remembered that incident this Tuesday, all these years later. And I figured I was just waiting around for nothing. And that I just better forget the whole idea of her coming, or calling, or wanting to see *me*."

Two faces in the crowd

Your father *did* get to see *you*, though Sandra.

That day.

March 22.

It was at Kenny's insistence.

"Please, Daddy," the boy kept saying, as the afternoon wore on, "if she's not coming, can't we at least go to see her—my sister? . . . Please?"

Your father tried to reason with him. "Son," he said, "if we go anywhere and people recognize us, it'll make it embarrassing for Sandy—don't you understand? People'll think we're there to make a scene. Sandy, if she recognizes us, she might even think that.

"Son," he went on, "remember a little while back I told you the story about when I carried her home from the hospital after she was born, how I almost dropped her and got scared, and how I swore to myself that I'd never do anything to hurt her, ever? Well, if we go now, if anybody sees us, this might be hurting her. And we don't want to hurt her, now, do we, Son? And so that's why we can't go to see her . . . Do you understand?"

But the little boy didn't understand, not at all.

"My sister," he kept repeating. "I want to see my *sister!*"

Until, finally, your father gave in, Sandra, and he and Kenny came to see you.

"It was all short, quick," your father told us, later. "We went down to Rosenberg's Hardware Store at about four o'clock, because I knew from the papers that that's where Sandy would be then, signing more autographs and giving out pictures of herself and things. Before she got there, there must have been about two thousand kids outside, waiting, pushing each other—they even broke a window in the store. And then, when the big car pulled up, and the escort, the kids started yelling so much and pushing around the car that I couldn't hear myself think, or barely see anything . . . And then, for a second, I did see her, Sandy, get out of the car. Just her face. She was pretty, all right, just like everybody's been telling me. She was half-smiling, too, and half worried-looking because of the big crowd. I grabbed Kenny and lifted him to my shoulders. 'That's her,' I said, 'my kid—your sister. You see?' 'Yes, Daddy,' Kenny said, 'I see her.' And he began to wave. 'You see *that*,' Kenny said then, 'how she waved back?' But I knew this was only his imagination because Sandy, she was in the store already by this time. I knew that my boy was only saying this to make me feel less disappointed . . . And then I put him back down on the pavement and the two of us went back home. . . ."

That, Sandra, is your father's story of your day in Bayonne.

The story of a disappointed man, and a disappointed little boy.

And why, we ask now, *why* did you disappoint them so much that day?

Why did you make it so clear by what you did—or rather, by what you didn't do—that you will continue to shun them, disappoint them, break their hearts?

We know that there are two sides to every story.

We haven't printed yours—because you, Sandra, refuse to discuss the matter.

But from the one side of the story we do know, we know this:

That, should you ever find any love lacking in your life, there is love waiting for you at a certain little apartment on West Twenty-fourth Street, Bayonne, New Jersey.

That, should you drop by someday, even if for only a little while, that love will overwhelm you and fulfill you, the way no career, no big part in any big picture, no fancy houses or cars or swimming pools, no 11,000 people waving and smiling at you can ever fulfill you.

That you will be reminded, by looking around the apartment where you once lived, by seeing your father again, by seeing the brother you've never seen and who resembles you so, of some of the most precious years of your life . . . years which, sadly, you have obviously blocked from your memory . . . of your childhood . . . of a time you sat, a little girl, listening to the man, then the most important man in your life, who read to you from those big fairy-tale books about "the people who always ended up living happily ever after."

And doing this, Sandra, you will discover that happy endings are not only found in big fairy-tale books . . . not only in the Hollywood movies you've been making. But in life itself. . . . **END**

Sandra's in PORTRAIT IN BLACK, ROMANOFF AND JULIET, *and Columbia's* GIDGET GOES HAWAIIAN.

Portrait of Jane

(*Continued from page 53*)

When Jane was fourteen, she attended the Emma Willard School in Troy. It was an all-girls school. That fact soured Jane on school life.

"It was ghastly. All girls, and that can be real unhealthy."

Jane graduated from Emma Willard, and was enrolled at Vassar. She rebelled almost immediately against it. The place stifled her.

"I wasn't getting much out of it. All the girls ever talked about was nonsense."

So much a rebel did Jane become that some of her antics put her in hot water with the school authorities more than once. She became the scourge of Vassar.

"One prank almost did me in. I sprinkled lighter fluid along a classroom door, then under the door. I lit the fluid and a fire ran in a straight line right into class. Everybody flipped. Mostly the school head, though."

She was called on the carpet, but talked her lovely head off and beat the penalty of expulsion. Her reputation in school was that of a light-headed brat. Jane prefers to think of herself as a rebel.

"They never got a chance to throw me out. I quit!"

With painting still on her mind, and her other ambitions temporarily derailed, Jane took off for Paris. She studied painting, and learned languages. Her painting improved in the romantic city of Paris. And her beauty began to attract more than a fair share of boys.

Her dates were confined mostly to dinners at little romantic places along the Left Bank. But, she kept strict hours, and dates were always aware of a curfew time.

"Daddy had set a curfew for me. I had to be home by midnight during the week, and by two on a Saturday. I never let him down. Even though my dates groaned about the curfew."

"Daddy was strict"

She almost lost her heart to Paris, and to a few of the young men of Paris. But one day, she decided to return to New York. She began studying painting at the Art Student's League. She liked the pace of New York. Dates became more frequent but still the curfew remained.

"Daddy was strict about it. He also wouldn't let me wear any make-up, except a light shade of lipstick. I looked a mess!"

Her dates thought otherwise, and her phone was constantly buzzing with new swains, but Jane never settled completely on any one boy. Her favorite dates were a

little restaurants that had checkered tablecloths and soft lights.

"There's something very romantic about a checkered tablecloth."

Along with her painting, Jane picked up a passion for reading. She devoured good books like a professor on a desert island.

"Books on psychology flip me. The human mind is a whole world in itself."

Jane also likes novels, and poetry. Her poet favorites change constantly. She discovers one poet, adopts him, reads everything he's ever written, then moves on to her next discovery. E. E. Cummings was the newest poetic darling in her life.

Jane is an independent, and outspoken girl. She has her own apartment, which she shares with Susan Stein. Susan's father is president of M.C.A., a representative of many stars, but not Jane.

"We get along great. Susan is one of the other Vassar rebels."

Their apartment is in a constant state of chaos. And the phone is forever ringing. Boys keep calling about every ten minutes without fail. Susan is a dark-haired girl with dark eyes that contrast with Jane's light features.

"Dates get a choice. Blonde or brunette."

"Modeling is a bore"

Jane earned her independence by becoming a photographers' model to pay her own way. She rapidly became a fashion magazine favorite, and her face graced the covers of such fashion slicks as *Vogue*, and *McCalls*. Men flipped at a cover and layout on her in *Esquire*.

"Modeling is a bore. If you look a certain way, you've got it made. If not, you're a failure. Your brains don't count for anything."

Jane looked different, though, and various photographers found her a delight to work with. One of the top lensmen said: "Janie is different, all right. She doesn't look like a typical clothes horse. She looks more like the kid who wrecked your home town."

She is spirited and will try anything if it presents a challenge. Anything, except sports.

"I hate sports. With a passion. Although I love to exercise. Every day I exercise like a fiend. But sports are *out!*"

Her lean figure attests to the constant exercise she undergoes to keep her figure trim. She also takes dance class regularly.

"I love to dance. It gives me a sense of freedom. And, it's darn good exercise, too."

Dating for Jane is filled with the same problems as for any other girl her age. In her case, it was made even tougher by the curfew.

"Until this year, Dad kept me on my midnight weekday, and two on Saturday curfew. He wanted to make sure I didn't become a good time Janie with nothing else on her mind."

Now, the curfew is relaxed. Jane sets her own hours, but they aren't far from the curfew hours. As for make-up, she still almost never uses any. Her satin-smooth complexion is kept free of any make-up irritants.

"I don't like to wear make-up. It gives me an artificial look. And, anything artificial just bores me to death."

Jane's dates

Her dates are usually inexpensive affairs. One of her favorite dates is going to the movies. She adores watching the different stars in action. She has seen her father on a score of occasions.

"He's wonderful. A really fine actor. Sensitive and warm."

They are close, her father and she. They talk over the many problems that confront her in her young life. Her father advises her. Never bullies her into decisions. She listens to him carefully, then makes up her own mind, after weighing his words.

"Dad always taught me by strict discipline. He wasn't a Hitler, or anything like that. He was just being protective about me. I thank him now for his discipline."

Her first acting job was playing opposite her father in *Country Girl* in Omaha. She played the ingenue.

"I was scared. Dad and Dorothy McGuire were the stars. And a million people seemed to be staring at us. But, it turned out all right."

She also worked with her father in other stock plays during the summer. She doesn't like to lean on him.

"A girl has got to move on her own. She can't always lean on dear old Dad."

Jane dates quite a bit now. Her current favorite is actor Timmy Everett.

"I usually hate to date actors. All they do is talk about themselves. But, Timmy is a lot of fun. So . . . we date."

She has yet to really lose her loving heart. But, she seeks love.

"Love is the only thing in life."

A former date said: "She's lots of date fun. Nothing phony about her."

Jane hates phonies. Nothing to her is more of a trial than having to put up with a phony. So, she usually tells them to get lost in her most candid manner. Wolves and playboys rate a big zero with her. They usually don't get a second date.

Jane Fonda is on her way. But, she remembers well all the warnings from her father of heartbreak and headaches that a career can bring. She does not want to get wrapped up in a dog-eat-dog career push. She does want to get married sometime.

"I'm in no hurry, though. Marriage can't be pushed."

More than one date has had the marriage gleam in his eye after dating Jane. But, she hasn't given that look back.

"My career is important to me. But when love hits me, it's marriage all the way."

Jane is impetuous by nature, flying into all kinds of experiences and adventures. But, when it comes to marriage, she plays it more cautiously.

The Fonda name

Jane has no acting idols. She never did. Those who appeal to her most are Anne Bancroft and Kim Stanley of the stage. and Garbo (when she appeared on the screen) and Joanne Woodward.

"They're all good. I don't copy any of their styles. I just like to watch them work."

Jane is a personality unto herself. And through trial and error she learns her craft. She knows the road to stardom is a hard one, but she is prepared to pay the price in hard work.

"Nothing comes easy. Dad taught me that. So, I sweat it out a little. It's better to learn anything the hard way."

She has been turned down for jobs before. The Fonda name didn't carry that kind of weight to get her any jobs. But, she admits that being Hank Fonda's daughter has certain advantages.

"It opens the door everytime. After that, I'm on my own. Dad doesn't get me anything. Nor would he want to, if he knew his name was the only reason I was being hired."

Jane Fonda is on the way to the top. Maybe she'll encounter more than her share of the obstacles. But if sheer heart and honest drive can make it, Janie can't miss. Not this year. Not any year. **END**

Jane stars in TALL STORY, *for Warner Bros.*



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Whatever Happened to Those Nice Kids?

(*Continued from page 31*)

Hope was called upon first to make her presentation. Then Don joined her. And when she stepped down he said, "Oh thank you so much, Miss—uh, what's your name again?"

And Hope laughed. And everybody in the audience laughed. It was corny—but it was cute—and because it involved these two it was even a little enchanting.

A few minutes later, Don rejoined his table. He and Hope chattered together and with their dinner companions. They danced together. And they kept smiling at one another.

Always smiling.

But when they got into their car to drive home later that evening, there were no more smiles. And very few words.

Hope stared out the window as Don drove the long distance down Wilshire Boulevard into Beverly Hills.

She stared and she thought and she said very little.

Don pulled into the driveway adjoining their large Tudor Style home.

"Are you too tired, or do you want to talk tonight?" he asked quietly.

"I think we better talk tonight," Hope replied. "I'll fix some coffee first."

"Yes. That will be fine. I can use some coffee. And I want to get out of this suit."

Hope brought the coffee into the den. It was her favorite room. The first room they had been able to complete when they didn't have enough money to furnish the entire house. It was warm and large and comfortable. A good room in which to talk. The room where they had managed to talk out most of their problems in the past, and to solve them.

Only tonight she knew her problems wouldn't be solved as simply as before.

Had they really ever been solved? she wondered. *Or were we just pretending to ourselves that they were, just as we were pretending to everyone else tonight that we were still those 'wonderfully happy Murrays,' that sterling example of the ability to mix marriage with two careers.'*

The talk

She toyed with her coffee. She wanted Don to speak first.

"I think," he said slowly, "that it would be better if I moved out during the week end. Before I start rehearsals for *Playhouse 90*. It will be easier that way for everyone—and I want to spend some time with the children. Will that be all right with you?"

"Yes, that will be all right."

"Hope—, Hope—what I want to say is—" Don faltered. "What I want to say is that we've got to give this thing time. For the children's sake. It can't be what *I* want—or what *you* want—or the way it is or isn't between us now. We've got to give ourselves time to think—to be sure. A great deal of time. I mean before either of us decide definitely about a divorce."

"Yes," Hope answered, "we'll give it time . . . and hope that's the answer. But we've made the important step. We've let it come out into the open, the way we feel. We're no longer pretending to ourselves that we're the nice young average couple. We're no longer pretending that we feel the same way that we felt five years ago. By facing the truth about ourselves, maybe it will work out. We'll give it time. We'll try to put things into the proper perspective."

They retired that night with a great burden lifted from their shoulders.

They kept their secret to themselves until Don left his home, the following week end. Then they made the inevitable announcement to the press:

We have temporarily separated to work out our domestic problems. No divorce is planned.

Short. Simple. Unrevealing.

To a cynical observer it was just another Hollywood marriage that hit the rocks. On the day Hope and Don released their statement three other couples in show business made similar announcements. The newspapers grouped them all under one large banner: HOLLYWOOD LOVE GONE SOUR. It was as though their marriage was buried in a mass grave.

But Don and Hope were different. Theirs wasn't another Hollywood marriage. Theirs was a marriage *destroyed* by Hollywood, by a world of make-believe and illusion.

Which was strange because they never had any problems when it came to reality. They were able to face reality fine—from the very day they met.

Two sensible people

They met on a double date. She was with another guy and he was with another girl and he didn't give her a second look. He was toting a torch for a girl in California. He thought Hope was a sweet child and nothing more. At seventeen, he felt she was far too young for a guy of twenty-one.

A few weeks later they met again—and he stopped thinking that maybe she was too young. He even stopped thinking about the girl in California. He invited her to be his guest at *The Rose Tattoo* in which he was featured. They went dancing and they talked theater because she, too, had been in the theater since she was twelve, and they found they had a lot in common. They started dating—at first regularly, then constantly, and when he was certain that she was the only girl in the world for him, he asked her to marry him.

Brigitte Bardot says, "I am neither a star, a pinup, nor a monster, but all three. Perhaps it is the devil that made me."

Paul Sann in the New York Post

Her heart wanted to say yes, but her head said no.

Facing reality, she told him, "Don, maybe we should think it over some more. I'm just too young to get married."

Understanding, he answered, "All right, Hopee. We'll give it time."

Two sensible people came to a sensible solution.

Hope went off to college. Don went on tour with his show. When he returned he was classified as a Conscientious Objector by his draft board, and he applied for Foreign Relief work with the Church of Our Brethren. He spent the next two years overseas working in refugee camps, trying to help the displaced people of Europe build new lives again.

He wrote Hope constantly. But she didn't answer his letters. Not once. She was being realistic. She didn't think a long drawn out correspondence would be practical.

He kept a farewell telegram and a Christmas Greeting with him at all times and in one letter, which she kept but did not answer, he wrote:

You know when we met, I was so confused, so mixed up, that I was beginning to question the values I lived by. It was hard to tell you really. But it was some thing like a terrible night that seems endless and you walk and walk and finally you come to the top of the mountain and you look down and there's a field of corn below, full of sunlight and goodness. That's what you were to me for all that you were so young—shining and quiet and good and sweet. You made me know I wanted you but more than that you made me know what I wanted from myself.

In the last letter he wrote from Europe, he told her the date he was returning home—and the name of the ship. He didn't expect her to be there—but he secretly prayed she would.

She was there—as beautiful as ever. She told him it was good to see him again—but gave no explanation for her silence. She told him she'd be very happy to date him again—but made it quite clear his return wasn't going to disrupt her life as she had been living it during the two years he had been away. She went right on dating other boys. She even sympathized with him for being in love—unrequited.

Fate steps in

A month after his return, he was back in Europe again to appear in *The Skin of Our Teeth*. Again he wrote. Again she didn't reply. When he returned home, they caught up and became close. Later Don was to say, "From then on I saw Hope as a precious possession. I became openly possessive. I sought every way I could think of to be with her."

When he got a lead in a Broadway show called *Hot Corner*, he managed to pull some strings to get Hope a reading. When she was offered an understudy part, he persuaded her to accept it.

They were together constantly on the road, ate together, rehearsed together, traveled together. And once, they even had a chance to play opposite each other when Don's leading lady got sick.

Hope's sister flew in to see that performance. After the show she rushed backstage. "The love scenes were *magnificent*," she drooled. "Everybody in the audience was *positively* dewy-eyed."

And remembering them, Hope began to feel somewhat dewy-eyed herself.

For the first time in the five years in which they knew each other, she became bewitched by an illusion. The fantasy created on-stage and her relationship with Don off-stage became fused together. For the first time she believed herself in love.

When the show folded, after three fast performances on Broadway, they became engaged. But they didn't set a date.

They decided to be sensible and wait until Don had some form of security before they actually got married. A few months later, he was given that security by way of a 20th Century-Fox contract and the lead in *Bus Stop*.

He went west by himself and was so miserable alone that he wired Hope to come out for a vacation. Buddy Adler saw her at the studio, remembered her from a prior TV appearance and signed her for the role of the waitress without even knowing she knew Don. It seemed that fate had stepped in to keep them together.

Don and Hope talked vaguely about getting married when the picture was completed—but on April 14, 1956, while they were still in production, they decided to wed in a simple civil ceremony.

Later, Don laughed about it: "In Hollywood I had Hope in a vulnerable position I was the only one she knew in town—so I finally broke her down."

Bus Stop made Don a star and it brough

Hope a new long term contract at 20th.

They were on top of the world.

They re-married in church in New York City with the entire family present.

Chris was born.

Hope was nominated for an Academy Award for her performance as Selena in *Peyton Place.*

The two worked like fanatics for their pet project HELP—an organization set up to clothe, feed and help some 50,000 refugees who have no identities.

Don and Hope ear-marked a large proportion of their salaries toward the project. She donated her services on a *Playhouse 90* to raise additional funds. He drove an old car. She went without furniture for her house.

When she became pregnant with her second baby, she refused to cancel a trip abroad and instead toured eight European Countries on behalf of HELP. She went with Don to Germany, Italy, Switzerland, London, Paris, Rome and Sardinia—and looked upon the hopeless, the old, the sick and dying children.

She let no one know that she wasn't completely happy in her marriage—that something was missing. Maybe she didn't want to believe it.

The illusion

She and Don were looked upon as model citizens.

She told the press— "If it was a choice between my career and Don's, there would be no question. Don's career comes first."

He told everyone who would listen, "Hope is my life. I see her as a mother, a child, a partner and a ward, a frustration and a satisfaction, a problem and a satisfaction—and a constant revelation. Each morning when I awake, I feel like exclaiming in wonder, 'Why, it's you.' "

He created the illusion—and she lived the part. Perhaps if they hadn't been so carried away, they might have seen the clouds that were gathering and done something about them before it was too late. They didn't refuse to face their problems. They just refused to recognize they existed.

There was the problem of Don's career.

The pictures in which he was starred failed miserably at the box-office. He gave fine performances but he just failed to catch on with the public and the studio just stopped considering him for major roles.

Hope, on the other hand, caught on fast. Don said he was delighted. He was—but his masculine ego was slightly battered. He wanted out from his contract and talked about setting up his own production company abroad. He discussed the possibility of starring Hope in his first picture—if 20th would agree.

But 20th had bigger plans for her . . . starting with *The Best of Everything.*

Hope was co-starred opposite Stephen Boyd—and almost immediately there were rumors, disturbing rumors. "How," enquired reporter Mike Connolly, "can it be the 'Best of Everything' for that couple when Don Murray is barred from his wife's set?"

Hope and Stephen lunched together constantly to "work on their scenes"—and the rumors got louder—and louder. Don couldn't pretend to be unaware of them—but he could fight to stop them.

"Ridiculous," he insisted. "These rumors were started by our 'best false friends' working on the picture with Hope." To prove they were ridiculous he started showing up on the set and joining Hope and Stephen at lunch. To prove that they were ridiculous, he invited Stephen to his home to work on the script with Hope. And he cued them with their lines.

Boyd also shrugged the whole thing off with, "Hope and I are friends. How could there be anything between us when she's a married woman?" Then he added with a twinkle, "But this doesn't mean I wouldn't court her if she were single."

When the picture was completed Hope and Don were off on a 'second honeymoon' to Europe, a second honeymoon combining pleasure with publicity for *The Best of Everything* and *Shake Hands with the Devil.* They tried hard to convince themselves that everything was still idyllic.

Magnetism you can't ignore

They were still trying late last winter when they vacationed in Acapulco. They swam together and danced together and pretended it was all very romantic.

"We must come back here again, Hope," Don insisted. "What do you think about our buying a house? The climate would be wonderful for the children. Don't you think that's a great idea?"

"Yes, Don, it's a wonderful idea. We must come back again. . . ."

But deep in her heart she wondered if she ever would.

Later, much later, a friend, who was anything but false, tried to explain what was wrong. "When Hope and Don were in Europe, and later in Mexico their marriage was in serious trouble. But neither would really face that fact: In spite of her denials, Hope had been infatuated with Stephen Boyd. He's a tremendously vital man with an exciting animal magnetism most women find hard to resist. I doubt if she ever thought of divorcing Don then, but Stephen made her terribly aware of the excitement lacking in her marriage. Let's face it, the Murrays have known each other ten years. They had a warm and devoted relationship—but I doubt if they had the kind that sends the blood rushing to the head. Boyd can make a girl's head spin—and Dolores can do the same thing to a guy."

Dolores is Dolores Michaels. Don and Hope knew her casually for years. They said hello at the studio, nodded in the commissary. That's all. Up to a year ago she had been married and living in Laguna. Then she and her husband separated and she started dating John Duke. Everyone expected them to wed.

Last winter she was cast as Don's leading lady in his picture for 20th—*One Foot in Hell.* And suddenly, before either of them were really aware of what was happening, she and Don became disturbingly attracted to one another.

Hope heard about it, of course. There are always people who must talk about these things.

For a while she pretended to ignore it.

Then—neither she nor Don pretended any longer.

Since leaving his home, Don has dated Dolores openly. Sheilah Graham told her readers to *Look for Dolores Michaels to be the next Mrs. Don Murray.*

Sidney Skolsky told his readers: *Now that Don Murray and Dolores Michaels have discovered one another, don't be surprised if Stephen Boyd starts escorting Hope Lange.*

The picture is painted in bright red colors.

But the story isn't quite over.

Their friends are hoping that once Don and Hope have their outside flings, get whatever it is they have to get out of their systems, they'll realize the importance of what they had and get back together again.

If they do, their eyes will be wide open.

If they do, their halos will be gone—and they will no longer be trapped in the world of make-believe.

And maybe this time, they'll make it.

END

Don stars in 20th-Fox's ONE FOOT IN HELL.

■ Red Buttons and his wife had had quite a siege of it—as soon as one got over the flu, the other would come down with it.

At last they both seemed to be on their feet and Red told his Missis he'd like to take her out on the town to celebrate. . . .

"I'm starving," Mrs. B. announced happily at the best steak house in town, and Red suggested the Sirloin Special. "Keep up your strength."

The great big thick juicy steak arrived and they eagerly plunged right in.

But after a few bites, Red's wife discovered to her dismay that her eyes were bigger than her appetite. "I can't finish it, Red," she moaned, "let alone start it. I'm so sorry."

"That's all right, sweetie," he comforted her, "don't worry about it."

"Oh, but I hate to leave it," she wailed. "$6.50, and I hardly touched it . . . I wish I could take it home. Maybe I'd feel more like it later, maybe for a midnight snack. . . . I know, I'll ask the waiter to wrap it for my dog. . . . People do say that, Red, don't they? I mean, people who have dogs



"RED BUTTONS PUTS ON THE DOG"

do sometimes take home left-over meat, don't they?"

(It must be pointed out that not only do the Buttons' *not* have a dog, but Mrs. B. is deathly afraid of dogs.)

"Sure, sweetie," Red reassured her. He took her hand and said, "Guess we came out too soon. A few more days of rest and you'll feel like eating again . . . then we'll go out and really celebrate— Well, here's the waiter."

The package the waiter handed them looked big enough to feed a horse.

"Got a pretty fancy meal here," the waiter grinned.

"Your dog's gonna have to go on a diet after this. . . !

"You see, I was wrapping this in the kitchen and I saw all this other meat that other customers didn't finish," he explained cooperatively, "so I just chopped it all up together for you!"

The Terrible Price I've Paid to Be A Star

(*Continued from page 38*)

ten per cent is taken out by Henry Willson, my agent, five per cent by my business manager, and sundry bits by lawyers and others. I spend up to my neck in insurance. I've been married, incorporated, and agented into so many pieces that I hardly know which of me belongs to myself. My marriage—to the executive secretary of my agent—began in November, 1955, and finally ended last year but not without a handsome settlement.

The result of all this is that ten years of Hollywood have given me a small house, a 40-foot sail-boat (not a yacht), and about $50,000 clear—most of it invested in insurance bonds (I'm trying to get back a little of what I have paid out to the companies).

As to my private, personal life, well, every week, in all sorts of publications, there are stories about me that are pure fabrications written by people I've never seen. I'm damned for planning to marry or not to marry; for being seen here or not being seen there. I tried to give a cute little girl some help in her career by reading lines with her—and instantly we were tagged as a romance. So now I just shut up about everything—including such titillating items as to whether I sleep raw, eat vitamins, or belch after a good meal. So, the writers hate me. I'm not a good interviewee. I clam up almost immediately. The result is that the writer has to guess who I'm in love with this Tuesday and why I eat yogurt on alternate Saturdays.

Louella Parsons is different. She's always tried at least to get my side of a story. On one occasion, when I was roasted by an unfriendly gal-writer, she called me and said: "I just don't like that story, Rock. I don't think it's true." I said: "It isn't." So I sat down with her and unburdened myself and she wrote a piece that for once tried to defend me.

Other writers have called me a "mechanical man," a big "kick-the-dirt" boy, and like to say that my acting is "pretty fair for an ex-truck driver." I used to be a truck-driver, sure—for six months in the early part of my career. I was a lot of other things, too, when I had to eat. But I've been an actor for ten years and, I hope, have made some improvements in the original. Some of this rubs off from the publicity stories handed out by the studio—where they even have me in the Navy as an airplane mechanic in the Philippines checking out a "four-engined" B-26 Marauder. The Marauder only has two engines and the fact is that when I was in the Navy I revved up the engine on one side so much that it chopped up a Piper Cub and I got assigned to the laundry detail.

The other facts are that I was a member of a glee-club, sang in a church choir, and was a city mail-carrier—as well as the King of Hearts in a pageant at the age of ten and one of the three wise men in a Christmas pageant at eight. In those days I knew I couldn't act and I knew it fourteen years later when I met Henry Willson. I showed him my pictures and when he asked me if I could act I told him, "No." He told me that might be an asset and got me my first job at Warner Brothers, a one-liner as a fighter pilot that I managed to botch on half-a-dozen takes. "Look at the backbloard," I said again and again.

As for publicity people—studio or otherwise—I feel a little suspicious about them. I realize they're needed, like a tire needs a bicycle pump. But I still get edgy when they come around: they're too smart and exploitive. After all, I've had more than 2,000 fan magazine interview pieces—some real, some faked—and there's nothing more to be said about Rock Hudson. When even a spot of decay on a back molar becomes of interest to the general public, I retire into my shell. . . .

About fans

The perennial problem and the perennial lifeblood of any movie actor consists of his fans. I don't always expect to be cast as a romantic hero; ten years or so from now, when I look forty-five, I want to act forty-five, not eighteen. But it's hard to go to get a meal in a restaurant before the whispers and nudges begin—and finally the auograph fiends approach. Joel McCrea once told me that this is a modern development in movies. It never happened to those great old-time stars like Rudolph Valentino, for whom McCrea used to wrangle horses. The addicts of Valentino would mob him, tear his clothes—but they never asked him to sign anything.

Strangely enough, the teen-agers are pretty wonderful about this. They are courteous, patient, and understanding. So are most men. But the women in their late forties are tough to deal with. Usually they come up to me just when I'm about to take a bite of steak.

"Hi!" they say—and often they're slightly whiffed.

"Hello," I say.

"You don't have to be rude," they say.

I explain that all I want to do is finish my meal—and that I'll be happy to sign anything but a blank check then. This makes them huffy. "Well," they say, "I *was* your fan," and march off. Most of the time they look back over their shoulder and declare: "The least you could do is smile at me."

Other gambits are: "Here, sign this! You've got a pen, haven't you?" Or: "Don't think I'll go to see any more of *your* pictures!" The only recourse I have is a rather childish one: I often sign "Roy H. Fitzgerald" or I sign Rock Hudson backwards. . . .

I've found out that being an actor can't be a nine to five job. My office is in my head. I'm not talking so much about relationships with fans, or learning lines or having to make personal appearances or going to parties. I'm thinking of the twenty-four hours a day, asleep or awake, when my consciousness is running over all the things I've seen and figuring out how I can use them. A word, an expression, a twist of the mouth, a lift of the eyebrow, the way to open a door and how to say "good morning," seven hundred different ways. I have to be aloof and participate at the same time. If I seem absentminded, it's usually because I'm trying to dig into a part to find the clues to a character—especially if it's a bad script.

One of those was *Twilight for the Gods.* I didn't think the story—that of a sea captain plagued by a past mistake, slowly going insane with bells in the head and all that jazz—was any world-beater. But it was on the best-seller list. The script turned out worse than I feared. I didn't care about the character and apparently no one else did either. It might have been perfect as an Edward G. Robinson role but not for me. It even presumed that I was a full-fledged captain at the age of twenty-four. I asked the author why he had called it that and he said he just thought it was a good title. "I could have called it *Twilight of the Gods,*" he said, "but a guy named Wagner had already used it so I changed it a little."

When a script in itself fascinates me, I get the urge to try to add my bit to it. In *Giant,* I spent hours listening to dozens of records of Texas dialect. So did Jimmy Dean and Elizabeth Taylor. Liz's accent, if you listen, is a perfect soft Virginian at first and changes through the picture until at the end she is speaking pure Texas. My own talents at this altered the script of *Pillow Talk.* They got me to impersonate a Texas oilman with good comedy results because they knew I could do it.

Friends and acquaintances

The trouble with continual study of course, is that I tend to become a spy on people. I suppose I can claim fifty to a hundred *acquaintances* in Hollywood. They say I have millions of fans but actually I have only five close friends; a carpenter, a liquor salesman, a piano teacher, and one actor and one actress. They respect me as I am, not as a shadow on film or the invention of some columnist.

My life is full enough to keep me from thinking about loneliness. I take singing lessons so that I can carry a tune outside a bucket and I'd like to do a Broadway musical sometime. I sail as much as I can, I study art, and I puzzle over investments. Someone else handles my money but I resent it. With me, money has become a personal thing.

A business manager, I suppose, is necessary in Hollywood. I just don't know my way around in taxes, budgeting, bills, and the like. But I feel ashamed of myself for not knowing it. Eventually I want to learn this end of the business and handle myself by myself.

I'm waiting with a good deal of anticipation the day when I turn forty-five or fifty and can move into the ranks of the character leads. This business of being the young romantic lover is not half what it looks like. The real challenge lies in the wonderful roles you can do until you're ninety-plus.

I guess in the final analysis it's people who fascinate me. Being in movies has given me the chance to meet some really different ones. In each case, I turned out to be the clod. I was introduced to the Queen of England in 1951 in a long receiving line. I held her hand while she hoped I was enjoying my stay and would come again. "T-thank y-you," I stammered. I forgot to let go of her hand and she just waited and smiled until I let loose. I was amazed to see how much more beautiful she was than any pictures of her.

I made another *faux pas* with Ingrid Bergman. I'd been a fan of hers for years and when I met her in Europe in 1956 at a party with twenty other people, I was paralyzed. She was very charming and chatted away while I was mum. Finally, just before she left, I blurted out: "You sure are tall." She said composedly: "So are you."

Actually, I'm convinced, my six-feet-four is the chief reason I got my chance in pictures. Women always like a man they can look up to—it makes them that much more feminine. I was in demand from the beginning for the five-foot-six or -seven stars. And with a camera, in any scene, a taller man can actually dominate a scene from the beginning no matter how awkward an actor he may be. I have great respect for men like Laurence Olivier—whom I can call a friend—who can dominate any scene by sheer force of their personality. When I visit him, he's always very kind to me in spite of my two left feet.

Working with real actors is always a delight. Tony Randall, for one, is fascinating to watch. What he does with a line is sheer magic to me. His expressions and

the movements of his hands and feet, his timing, the way he raises an eyebrow—these are textbooks of comedy. I like actors; I'm one myself. To me they seem frank and open, interesting and always concerned about getting better in their work. If they are egotistic, it is part of the hazard of the profession.

I'm fond of honest, constructive criticism. God knows, I need it. It's a hard commodity to come by. No one knows better than I that I have a long way to go in movies—but the offhand reviews in the papers really don't help much. I usually check them over real quickly, muttering, "Well, this one isn't bad," or "Man, they really shot me down in this one"—but a bad review doesn't shake me up the way it used to. . . .

On agents

Without seeming ungrateful to my agent—who has done very well with me—I must say that although a beginner needs an agent who will pay close personal attention to his career, an agency outfit like William Morris or the Music Corporation of America is the answer to an established star. Hollywood, after all, is simply a complex of pressure groups. These groups of collective smartness control stars, writers, properties, and studios. The old U-I studio, for example, is wholly owned by MCA—and last year, in TV alone, MCA has put out nearly $40,000,000 worth of products. This means that in a select market such an outfit has the power to make or break a career. It can deal on an even-steven basis with the heads of the big studios, something that an individual agent simply can't do. Henry, for example, can blow off steam to the studios when I complain—but generally they pat him on the back and go ahead and do what they wanted to do in the first place.

Nor is one agent's reaction to a script always the careful, analytical one that an actor is forced to use. The agent is thinking of percentages; the actor must think of making himself a believable human being to the audience. I received one script, well-written and one that will ultimately make a good picture based on a book of F. Scott Fitzgerald. My agent handed it to me and said: "My boy, this is one of the greatest opportunities of your life! You have a chance to drink, to cry, to make love, and you have a good fight, too! What more could you ask?" What I asked was to be able to read it. When I did I found out it wasn't for me! I couldn't make the hero comprehensible, not at least as far as I was concerned.

Not that the profession hasn't been more than nice to me. I was given awards galore: top male movie star by various magazines from 1954 onward, gold medals and cups right up to the present. I suppose it started with my bit part with James Stewart in *Bend of the River* where the fans really let loose on my personal appearance tour. The studio threw me into six films the following year. It was work but work I enjoyed.

On loyalty

This business of self-evaluation is one of the tough parts of an actor's life. How much does he owe to others? How much is due to himself? It's a hard question to answer, at least for me.

I wouldn't have moved off first base if the U-I studio hadn't seen something in me, given me a chance, and started my training. Where my 'loyalty' ends, I have no real idea—but I feel that after ten years, having earned millions for my sponsors on an investment of a few thousand (my agent spent $3000 on me in the early days), that my time of independence is close at hand.

This means I have to test out other interests such as music. I used to sing as a kid and I do it in the shower. I recently finished *Pillow Talk*, my first recording, and I liked it better than anything I've ever done. Not that it was that good—but it satisfied me. I like to hear music more than conversation. I drown in hi-fi when I'm home. The obvious goal I have is singing popular songs, knowing that my raspy baritone won't make even the bottom of the grade in any kind of classical music. I want to work on the stage, too, where I can have close enough contact with the critics and the audiences so I can use this to improve a performance night by night. In a movie, once it's on film, nothing can be changed. And you have to wait at least six months instead of six seconds before you hear any applause or boos. I'd like to live in New York, rather than in Hollywood: it's a city where things are always happening, where there are so many doings that no one could ever be bored—a classic Hollywood disease.

One of the times I was totally frustrated in doing a picture was in 1957. It showed me how rarely I could expect to put into movie practice what I had learned about acting.

The picture was called *Tarnished Angels*. It was taken from the William Faulkner classic called *Pylon*. I'm no enthusiast about Faulkner's writing. I know that he's a Nobel Prize winner and one of the American all-time authors but I don't dig him. I was told this was one of his easier books—but I had to read it three times before I understood it and probably I never did.

The script came out like fake Faulkner; too talky and too improbable for even me to swallow. It was a good example of movie blah-blah. But my 'character' interested me. I was to play a kind of renegade newspaperman of the '30's. As I saw him, he was a downbeat character in a downbeat story. He had found some people who were living on the thin edges of their lives and he wanted to write an honest story about them.

I felt the hero was a bum himself. He lived in a shack, disreputable and filthy, without hope or principle. I suppose he was really writing about himself, the story of a lost man. So I tried to work out the role that way.

I blurred my lines, I put in pauses and empty stares, I tried to convey the impression of a man wandering in the jungle of his own environment, trying to lick his own personality. I even got physical about the whole thing in my enthusiasm. I walked sloppily, with a stoop. I had holes in my soles, a badly-fitting worn suit that was dirty and unpressed—I even had frayed buttonholes, worn-out elbows, and half-shoelaces. Rumpled, unshaven, I worked out a really exciting concept with the director. Both of us were enthusiastic about my ideas. We did the first day's work with a "vim." The rushes went to the executives' screening room. The verdict came in the next morning: "Disgusting!"

The front office word filtered down. The director braked his enthusiasm and reversed his stand. I was shaved and my hair combed nicely. My worn elbows were covered with leather shooting patches. My shoes were polished and so were my lines. The crowning touch came when the producer and writer—both of whose names, I remember, began with Z, came to me and said I had to wear a hat. I protested wearily against this as I had protested all the other reversals.

"My boy," said the producer paternally, "all newspapermen wear hats. Don't they, George?"

The writer nodded solemnly. "I've been

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a newspaperman myself," he said, "and I *always* wore a hat." As a special concession, though, they let me turn the front of the hat down.

Ross Hunter

Producers are not always unhelpful. One of the chief factors in my career has been the help and understanding of Ross Hunter. He's a producer who used to be an actor himself and he knows the problems.

Ross has never criticized anything in my acting except on one occasion when he suggested, "Why don't you be a little more positive, Rock?" He has given me some slaps, though, on the cut of my clothes—which I invariably disregard.

I've done seven pictures with him. Though they aren't all the ones I might have wanted to do, most of them have boosted me along the way. It was Ross, for example, who got me into my first lead. He was a co-producer at the studio in 1953 when I got sick of being somewhere down the list of the cast. I sent a wire to the head of U-I saying that I didn't want to work for them any more. Nothing was said about it but a few weeks later I was assigned the lead in a show called *The Scarlet Angel.* Ross helped produce it and he and I went on from there together. It was his faith in my ability that got me the comedy role in *Pillow Talk.* When he said he was going to use me there, I don't think anyone in Hollywood agreed with him. "Sure, Hudson can do those heroic and tear-jerking roles," they told him, "but he can never do comedy. That takes a real actor." But Ross did it with me—and it happened to come off. The reason I know, is that I checked myself out with Tony Randall, whom I think is one of the finest comedians on the stage or screen. A couple of times he even said I did a "wonderful job." My ego isn't strong enough to resist a compliment like that. . . .

A couple of years ago, I was offered the lead in MGM's *Ben-Hur,* a job that would have grossed me a flat million dollars.

I turned *Ben-Hur* down because the easiest thing for an actor to lose in Hollywood is himself. The hardest thing for him to find is someone to trust. If I had done that picture for MGM, I would have had to surrender for two years my privilege of doing the pictures I want to do. Never in the last ten years have I been free from being told what to do and how to act on the screen. U-I, the studio that discovered and developed whatever talents I have, has made about thirty times the salary they have paid me by loaning me out to other studios. It still holds the third contract I signed—good for three more years.

I can say that only four pictures out of my forty have been pictures that I've really liked. They were *Giant, Farewell to Arms, Magnificent Obsession,* and my last one, *Pillow Talk.* They cost about $26,000,000 and I got roughly $100,000 in salary out of them. All were successful although *Farewell to Arms*—a remake of the Hemingway classic with me playing the old Gary Cooper role—barely made the grade.

For ten years I've been trying to make myself an actor. I think I've learned a good deal about it simply by watching people a lot better than I. I never went to drama school except for a short time to the U-I training group. I've always wanted to go to one of the really good New York schools of dramatic art. So far I've been so busy making money that I haven't had time off under my contracts.

Nevertheless, my experience has been invaluable. In *Magnificent Obsession,* for example, though I liked the role, I never liked the picture. It was too much of a weeper. It telegraphed its punches all down the line, like an old-time boxer. It told you when to laugh and when to cry. (In *Giant,* to offer a contrast, there were weepy moments—but tears were optional.) But working with someone like Jane Wyman was as precious as a handful of rubies. In any scene, having my doubts, I would go to her and ask her opinion. If she thought I had done all right, she would say so. If she had a hunch that I had slipped, she would say softly: "Better check it with the director, Rock, before they print it." It's awfully easy not to take advice when you're developing a good opinion of yourself. I was lucky to know Jane.

George Stevens

George Stevens, the director of *Giant,* was another person I was lucky to know. One of the great men in the business, he had my talents taped from the beginning. He knew what he could get out of me—something I never did. The night before we started the picture, I called him up in a frenzy. "Mr. Stevens," I said desperately, "I don't know where I'm going in this picture. I'm all confused!"

"Well, Rock," he said in his ponderous manner, "I'm all confused, too, right now. It'll work out in the morning. You go back to sleep."

He often shoved me onto the set and shot a scene long before I knew my lines or thought I was ready. I remember one instance when I was supposed to be a naive young Texan in Virginia at a society dinner, answering questions about myself and my ranch. Mr. Stevens put me at a couple of sawhorses with a board across them and a glass of water before me. He moved all the other actors twenty-five feet away and put a telescopic lens in the camera.

"Now, Rock," he drawled, "I want you to react. I know you've got lines but I don't care if you say them or not."

The result was that the other actors shouted at me. I reacted with embarrassment, confusion, and ignorance—which was just the effect Mr. Stevens wanted. He was always that kind of a director: unreliable for actors. I never knew exactly what he wanted me to do until I saw it on film. He kept me alive in movies because he kept me thinking—thinking what to do next. Most directors tend to over-direct, to tell you again and again what they want until you're screaming inside. Mr. Stevens usually told me half of what he wanted then said: "Now let's roll a piece of film." He liked to give me the impression that any bit I performed was *my* idea—but he never let an actor interfere with what he was doing. In *Giant* he shot a fight scene for weeks. Afterward, when I hung around his cutting room to see how it turned out, he gave me the iron eye. Long afterward, I told him: "I wanted to see that film real bad." He never batted an eye. "I know you did," he said "but at that point it was none of your business."

I'll always remember the drunk scene from that picture. It looked as if I was really drunk—mainly because I was. When I arrived at my dressing-room that morning, there was a bottle of bourbon on the table. It was gone at the end of the day. By that time I was feeling so natural that I didn't give a damn. We shot a sixteen-minute drunk scene without a cut—and put it on the screen that way with only closeups to vary the sequence. . . .

The study of acting remains the most important part of my life. I find that I have to discover or invent clues to create a character, especially in a bad script. A lot of the time I'm simply not equipped to do this alone—I need the director and producer. I want not only to keep my portrayals alive and interesting but I want to put at least 180 per cent of interpretation into what I'm doing—and hope that 50 per cent comes through.

To sum it all up, the 'real Rock Hudson' the press is always trying to find is more than one person.

To the producer, I'm the sign of the buck. To a publicity person, I'm material. To a director, I'm a chunk of clay. To the wardrobe, I'm a clotheshorse. And to writers, I'm usually somebody I don't even recognize. But I can't complain—I can just look at myself from afar. I have a good life and the movies have made it possible. **END**

Rock's next is The Day Of The Gun, *for U-I.*

A Love Story

(Continued from page 50)

I was working. To say the least, I was a bit nervous when I saw him standing there, half-watching me. I tried very hard not to be aware of his presence and kept dancing.

"This went on for a week. Mr. Astaire would pop in, and watch. And finally one day Jack did call me over and we were introduced.

"We spoke very little, because we were both quite shy, but I did manage to tell Mr. Astaire that I had worked with him a few years earlier, for one day, in a picture called *Daddy Long Legs.*

"'You won't remember,' I told him, 'but I was one of eight girls in the dream sequence you did with Leslie Caron. We slunk in and you took each of us in a back bend and—'

"'And,' Fred interrupted, 'you were very nervous.' He smiled. 'Yes, I remember,' he said. And truthfully I thought that would be the last time I'd see him. . . .

"But then the next day he showed up again, and we talked a little more. And the day after that. And then finally one day he asked me if I'd like to dance in *Silk Stockings,* a picture he was just beginning work on. He told me it wasn't very much of a part, but that it was something. And while he was apologizing I just stood there, dumbfounded, thinking that this couldn't be happening to me, a personal invitation to dance in a scene with Fred Astaire.

"Well, a few weeks later, when it came time to do the scene, I must have been literally shaking in my shoes because my shoe fell off. The director called cut, and we did it over again. The second take, poom again, the shoe. 'Please stay in your shoe, Miss Chase, and let's try it once more,' said the director, but the third time it happened again. Everyone was getting irritated. Even Fred was looking at me rather sharply, it seemed. Others were beginning to look sorry for me and I was scared. But we had to do it again and this time, all of us figuring it couldn't happen again, the cameras rolled. And poom, once *more* the shoe was off. And then it happened. Fred walked over to the shoe, slowly, he picked it up, slowly. And then, suddenly, he began to laugh. And everyone else was so relieved, they laughed. Even I, who was on the verge of tears by this time, started to laugh. . . .'

Their first evening

It was a little while later that day, after the scene was completed (with Barrie's

shoe *on*), when Fred walked over to her dressing room and joked a little about the incident first, and then asked her if she would like to have dinner with him that night.

"I don't like the big crowded places," he said. "But there's a small place, Italian, where we can grab a bite and have some wine and talk. . . . If you don't mind a small place, and some talk."

"Mind?" Barrie asked. "No, Mr. Astaire, I don't mind at all."

"At the beginning, I was petrified," she has said of this evening, their first together. "I rushed home and looked in my closet. I didn't know what to wear, what dress, what shoes. I didn't know how to fix my hair. And, worst, I didn't know what I would talk about that night. What would I be like, I wondered, sitting there with Fred Astaire, across the table from him. Fred Astaire—the greatest dancer in the world, one of the most sophisticated and most urbane men in the world. What would I say to him? What could *I* say to *him?*"

The conversation was a little stilted at first, Barrie recalls. Fred asked her to tell him a little about herself, and she did—about how she'd been a tomboy when she was a girl, how she'd liked to swim and ride horses even more than dance, how her father—a writer—had moved the family from New York to California when she was about seven, how—right off—she'd loved the California sun, the palm trees, the deep blue sky. How she'd been happy. Very, very happy.

"Till I was fifteen," she found herself saying then. "That's when my parents got divorced. I'd never known there was anything wrong between them. And then, all of a sudden, just like that, they were divorced. . . . I lived with my mother for a while, about a year. But nothing seemed the same anymore at home. And so I decided to move to my own place, to be on my own. I moved into my apartment—the same one I'm living in now, one-and-a-half rooms, very plain, a lot different from the big fancy place where we'd all lived.

"And I really wasn't very happy, there either," she said. "But I knew I couldn't go back home anymore, now that I'd left. So I began to study my dancing, all the harder. And I got some jobs, TV, pictures, bits. And that's all I did, studied and worked, ate and slept, went to an occasional movie. I didn't have many friends. I'd never had, not really. There's something about me and people—lots of times I find it hard talking, looking into somebody's eyes when I'm talking to them. I get afraid. I don't know why. I just do—

"So," she went on, after a moment, "without many friends, I was alone most of the time. And I was getting lonelier and lonelier. I was pretty miserable, in fact. And that's why I got married, so quickly, just like that, I guess.

"I was nineteen. His name was Gene. He was a hairdresser. I met him one day and a few days later we were man and wife. It only lasted four months. It wasn't a good marriage. I knew it, and he did, too. We split up. And I was back where I started.

"Alone. Lonely. Working, studying, eating, sleeping, going to a movie every once in a while—"

She stopped and smiled. "I'm sorry," she said.

"Why?" Fred asked. "Are you afraid you're boring me?"

Barrie nodded.

"Well, you're not," Fred said. "Because, believe this, Barrie, when you talk about loneliness, you're talking about a subject I know very well."

Barrie looked surprised.

"Yes, that's right, *me*, Old Ham Daddy, Old Happy Feet," Fred said. "I've been lonely these past few years . . . I've known what it's like . . . I've sure known. . . ."

And then, softly, slowly, he began to talk about something he rarely ever talked about, to anyone. About Phyllis—his wife.

"My beloved Phyl . . . ," as he said.

Fred's beloved wife

"We were at Santa Anita, sitting in our box between races. And Phyl said, suddenly, 'I think I'll have to go home. I don't feel well. It's nothing—just some dizziness.' . . . So we left. . . . And that's the way it started.

"It was cancer, the doctor said.

"Cancer.

"This was a Tuesday, I remember. We were to move into St. John's Hospital on Thursday, two days later. . . .

"'People don't die so easily, Phyl,' I told her. 'It's hard to die.' I said. 'You have so much to live for; you're so important to so many people. This isn't your time to go. It couldn't be. I know it.'—And I did know it. *Then.*

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"But then, a few months later, another operation was needed. We returned to St. John's for more major surgery. The operation was again called a success.

"Phyl came home with some slight improvement.

"But she never regained her strength. And the definite downtrend set in. . . .

"She never lost that sweet expression on her face.

"She slipped away from us at ten o'clock, on the morning of September 13, 1954.

"She was only forty-six years old. . . ."

He paused for a while.

"So I've been lonely, too," he said then. "But I find ways of fighting it. One has to."

"How do you fight it?" Barrie asked.

Fred's remedy for loneliness

"Very simple," Fred said, smiling a little. "I make friends with the cops, and with churches. . . . Cops are nice fellows. I have a lot of friends on the police force. And some nights when I have nothing to do I just phone them and ask if I can ride around in a prowl car. Here in Los Angeles, and New York, those are the best places. I get in one of those cars and it's like going on a hunting trip. You suddenly run into some excitement. And the boredom, the loneliness, it goes a little . . . Like with churches, Barrie. Same thing. Comes an afternoon when I've nothing to do, I'm feeling low, and I go to church. St. Bartholomew's if I'm in New York. Any of several here, if I'm here. And I just sit, alone, for hours at a time. And it's a beautiful thing, the comfort I find those hours. I think of everything—my life, my work, the hidden meaning of the good and bad things that have happened to me. I come out spiritually refreshed. It often helps me to go on."

Again, he smiled.

"Maybe that's what you need, Barrie," he said, "to make friends with the cops, the churches."

"Maybe," she said.

"Or maybe, for now," Fred said, "just having dinner with me again some night, and talking again. Talking things out with Old Ham Daddy here, Old Happy Feet. . . . How does that sound?"

"Yes," said Barrie, nodding finally, "that sounds fine. . . ."

Rising star

"My whole life took a turn after this night," Barrie has said. "Plain existing was over for me. I began to live. Fred and I went out quite a bit, always to small quiet places, the kind we both liked. We went riding—we share a tremendous enthusiasm for horses. And, of course, we talked. About lots of things. Even about my career. Fred suggested that I begin aiming higher, that I get an agent and turn down bit parts here and there and aim for the top. 'You'll make it someday, if you really try hard enough,' he'd tell me. I got an agent. And, sure enough, things began happening. I did a *Have Gun, Will Travel* on TV. And then, before I knew it, I was signed with Twentieth Century-Fox and working in *Mardi Gras*. It wasn't a big part, but it was something. Slowly, surely, I was beginning to get there."

Fred's career, too, began shifting gears at about this time.

"For the last few years," says a friend of his, "he was content to do a picture or so a year, and only that. TV? A whole new medium? He wouldn't hear of it, not even at the fantastic prices certain sponsors were willing to pay him. 'I'm too old, much too old,' he'd say, 'to start fooling around with anything new.' And then, suddenly, as if he'd dropped a couple of dozen years someplace, Fred had a talk with his agent one day. About TV. Doing a show. . . . By nightfall, it was all arranged. The show, a full-hour spectacular, was to be sponsored by the Chrysler Corporation, and to be called *An Evening With Fred Astaire*. The date settled on was a Friday, October 17 (1958)—about three months away."

Fred drove over to see Barrie the night the arrangements were made.

"I'd like you to dance with me," he said, after telling her a little about the show, "—but as my leading lady this time."

"*Me?*" Barrie asked, falling back into a chair.

"Yes, *you*, young lady," said Fred. "Now two things," he said then. "One: I want you to know this—I've chosen you, not because you're a friend of mine, not because I'm fond of you. But because I think you're a great dancer. Understood?"

Barrie nodded.

"Two," he said, "—I expect you to work hard. Very hard. We've got a heavy rehearsal schedule and we're going to start tomorrow, just me, you, Herm (Hermes Pan, the choreographer), Buddy (Bud Yorkin, the producer) and a couple of others.

"So now let's take a few sips of this champagne I've brought and then you go to bed, I go home and go to bed—and tomorrow, first thing, we work.

"Okay?"

"Yessir," said Barrie, sitting forward in the chair, making a mock salute, begin-

ning to laugh. "Tomorrow morning, sir, first thing. . . ."

She didn't

"Everything started out disastrously that next morning," someone connected with the show has said. "Rehearsal had been called for 9:30. And by that time—five, ten minutes before 9:30, in fact—everyone was there. Including Fred. . . . But there was no Barrie. Not by 9:30, not by ten, not by 10:30.

"Fred sat around, sulking. He wouldn't say anything. But we could tell he was eating his heart out.

"Once or twice he'd walk over to a pay phone and try to call Barrie. But there was no answer.

A few minutes before noon she walked into the rehearsal hall.

"Where've you been?" Fred asked.

"Home. I don't want to hurt you," said Barrie. "I'll be bad. I'll make you look bad. . . . And I don't want to hurt you. . . ."

Fred looked at her for a moment.

And then he clapped his hands together and made a short announcement to everyone there:

"This girl—" he said, pointing to Barrie —"has a case of the nerves. She's asking out of the show. But I'm a rough one—and I'm not going to give her out.

"Now," he said, "if everyone will leave this hall, until they're called back, Miss Chase and I will begin to rehearse. Just the two of us."

The others left.

And Fred and Barrie stood in the giant rehearsal hall, alone.

After staring at her for a long moment, Fred walked over to a phonograph and turned it on.

"Barrie," Fred said, walking back over to her, looking into her eyes again, "—will you try . . . for me?"

Barrie stood rigid.

"I can't," she started to say. "My feet feel heavy. Strange. I'm not—"

But Fred silenced her.

He took her in his arms.

And they began to dance. . . .

Like a kid in love

The show, three months later, was a triumph.

Fred won five Emmys for it—more TV awards than any single performer has ever received for a single show.

But, friends say, his greatest pride was a young dancer named Barrie Chase, and how she'd come through. . . .

Says Randolph Scott, one of his closest friends, referring to the down periods, "Fred keeps saying, 'I'll never marry again. No one can replace Phyllis.' And we keep telling him, 'No one *has* to replace Phyllis, and no one ever will. But you can find a new dimension with someone else, and at least you can fill part of the gap in your life.'"

And Barrie, meanwhile?

"I have tremendous admiration for Mr. Astaire," she says to any who ask, and that is all she says, for the real words in her heart are too deep for speech. **END**

How Much Do My Children Really Need Me?

(Continued from page 33)

Janet, how do you solve your problem of being a working mother? It will help me solve mine.

Sincerely,
Rosemary D.

And this story is my answer to those letters:

Dear Rosemary:

I'll never forget the time I was working before the cameras and a grip came to me with a message: *Please call home. Kelly is very sick.*

I was terrified. I wanted to be with my little girl who was not quite two then. In my imagination I saw her in pain, calling for me. At the time I was working on location in Norway, my baby in London with her nurse. Tony and I had taken Kelly to Europe with us since we were to be away five months, but we left her in London with the nurse because the weather in Norway was too harsh.

Should I leave the set and fly to London? Walk out on a picture whose costs were going on at a clip of thousands of dollars a minute to rush to the side of my sick child? I had obligations to my producers, but I knew in my heart that no obligation to them could outweigh the well-being of my child. If she was very sick, I'd have to fly to London.

In a phone booth in a corner of the set, I put through a call to London and got a very dear friend of mine who was living there. I asked her to look in immediately on Kelly, and tell me just what was the matter with my child. I waited, my heart in my mouth, for her return call. In about a half hour she got back to me. "Kelly is fine," she said, and my heart lifted. "She just had a slightly upset stomach. The nurse panicked. But there's nothing to worry about." She promised to stay there.

If Kelly had really been very ill, I would have put her above anybody or anything. However, a working mother cannot afford to get hysterical or over-imaginative, otherwise she won't be able to use good judgment when such conflicts arise.

Rosemary, you asked, "What do you do when one of your little girls suddenly becomes ill while you're at work?" It all depends upon the seriousness of the illness. When Kelly was operated on so suddenly one year, I dropped everything, canceling every business appointment I had to be with her. Fortunately, we weren't in the middle of a picture when she was stricken, but if we had been, I would have told them to shoot around me. However, I did have other appointments connected with my work—some costume fittings and script conferences which are also important—and I canceled them all.

When the doctor said, "We must operate on Kelly at once," there was no other thought in my mind than to be at the hospital with my child for as long as she would need me.

As Tony and I prepared to take her to the hospital, she was white-faced with fear. I said to her, "Mommy will be with you all the time," so that she wouldn't be too frightened at finding herself in a strange bed when she awoke from the anesthetic. And of course, I kept my promise. I took a room at Cedars of Lebanon and was with Kelly all the time until she was discharged.

A mother's instinct will tell her when her child needs her physically, and when her presence is not essential. When a child is seriously ill or facing an operation, that child needs her mother, and the mother's job must take second place. I've gone to the studio when either Kelly or Jamie has been down with a cold. But if either of them had a high temperature I wouldn't leave her until she was past the feverish stage where she might be calling for Mommy.

From the studio I phone at every opportunity—*and I talk to my child myself.* Merely calling and asking the nurse if the children are okay isn't enough. It makes my children feel more secure to hear their mother's voice saying the warm, dear things that only a mother can say to her child.

I think every working mother should remember this. Hearing her mother's voice on the phone makes the child feel that her mother isn't too far away. Probably Kelly would feel cheated if Ginny, our nurse, said to her, "Your mother called and asked if you're behaving." But when she hears my voice telling her I love her and will see her soon, then she does not feel cheated. Her own mommy has spoken to her.

Rosemary, you asked if I've ever regretted being a working mother. No, Rosemary, I never have. I think it is better for my children to have a happy mother who's fulfilled than a frustrated mother who may some day want to say to her children, "Look what I gave up for you—my career, my life."

Nothing could be worse than feeling you're a martyr because of your child. However, I will never put my life or my work ahead of my children. Right now, I feel I am doing more for them by continuing with my work, because in doing so I am a happy, fulfilled woman. A happy woman is a happy mother. For most women, work keeps them on their toes, and is itself stimulating. If you enjoy your work, Rosemary, or feel a sense of joy in helping make things easier for your family by working, I believe you can do it without cheating your children.

Perhaps there will be times when you feel just a tiny bit cheated yourself. I missed watching Jamie, my baby, take her first steps. It was really quite a wrenching thing for me. Sounds silly, but every mother loves to be with her child when she takes that first step. I knew Jamie was getting ready for it. I'd seen her get up on one little foot, then falter and plop down. Then I saw her on her knees still trying to be firm enough to get up and walk. I knew the day she'd take her first step was just around the corner. But I had to miss it. I was working in *Psycho* for Alfred Hitchcock that day. When I called home, Kelly got on the phone and in a breathless voice told me all about it. I was disappointed at missing it. But it would have been shockingly inconsiderate for me to have taken the day off to witness this sentimental event.

And I also missed buying Jamie her first pair of shoes. I remember how I enjoyed going to the shoe store with Kelly two years ago, seeing her fitted for her first pair of walking shoes and watching her toddle around the store proudly. I wanted the same thrill with Jamie. Knowing that I was going to be tied up in a picture in a few weeks, I took Jamie to the store just before the picture started.

The shoe salesman said, "You should wait three more weeks. She's not quite ready for shoes yet." Three weeks later I was already in production. When I left for work one morning I told the nursemaid to take Jamie to the shoe store and buy the shoes that day. I knew just what time they'd be going—after Jamie's nap. When they got home, I called from the set and got all the details of the little shopping expedition; how Jamie had cooed when she saw her little feet in shoes and how she'd looked at herself so proudly in the mirror. Somehow the story warmed me and I kept imagining what it had been like, while I was working.

But the things I have missed by being a working mother don't compare in importance with the things we have gained—not only materially, but through the hap-

piness I have been able to achieve and pass on to my children.

Even though I must be away from them all day when I'm in a picture, I try to give the children the feeling that I'm with them—at least in spirit—all the time. I am very fortunate in being able to afford capable household help. This is very important to a working mother, and I realize that most working mothers—unless they're highly-paid career women—can't afford it. On the other hand, just because I have such fine help does not mean that I will let them take over the mothering of my children. They can feed them, put them to sleep, bathe them when I'm not home. But there are things only a mother should do—like taking them to school on the first day of school and making the preparations for her children's birthday parties.

Sure, I could turn this over to my cook and the nurse, and they would see to it that my children would have a beautiful birthday party. But that wouldn't mean much to Kelly, nor to Jamie, when she's old enough to understand. Kelly and I have planned all her birthday parties together; such whispering and giggling and secret conferences that go on between us at those times!

Once it looked as if I wouldn't be able to share in the preparation of a birthday party with Kelly. Just before her third birthday I was told a tour had been arranged for Tony and me to publicize *The Vikings*. We were to be away several weeks. We agreed to the tour, but first I asked one thing—that I could be home the day of Kelly's birthday. "It won't be a real birthday party for her," I said, "unless Tony and I are with her." The studio agreed.

Before we left, I made all the plans for the party, with Kelly. We went to the five and ten together and bought balloons and favors. She helped me select the invitations, we decided together what kind of sandwiches we'd serve and we picked out the birthday cake together.

I wrote all the invitations before we left, and I ordered everything for the party. I left word that the invitations were to be mailed out on a certain date. With everything bought in advance, I left. We returned early on the Saturday morning of her party. And I took up where I'd left off. My daughter was the happiest birthday girl you've ever seen.

Kelly is just four now and goes to nursery school from 9:00 to 12:00. At first, Tony wasn't sure that Kelly should go. I thought she should—not because I wanted her out of the way, but because she's a bright and active child, and I felt she needed the stimulation of playing with other children.

The first week, I took her there myself every morning. You can't just send a little girl off to a new, strange nursery school without being with her. The first day I picked her up to drive her home, her eyes were dancing! She sang the words of a song they'd taught her; she spoke about a little girl with whom she'd played.

I knew then that she was going to enjoy nursery school. The other mothers and I share a car pool. One of them is Anne Douglas, Kirk's wife. If I wished, I could have one of the help in the house do the driving when it's my turn to take them to school. But I wouldn't miss my turn in the car pool for anything. I think it's important for Kelly to know that her mother is right there to do what the other mommies—the non-working mommies do. We pile in the car and I drive down the hill and pick up little Peter Douglas and little Scott Shepherd. I leave at eight in the morning. No, I'm not tired. When you're a mother doing what you want to do for your child, you're usually exhilarated, not weary. The conversations that go on in the back seat of my car among Kelly, Peter and Scott are absolutely delicious. I wouldn't miss them for the world. This is one of the simple, inexplicable joys of motherhood—driving my child to school. And having her mother take her to school is one of the great joys for a child.

You asked, Rosemary, if I am ever resentful about the time I spend away from the children. No, I never have been. And I'm quite sure they're not resentful either. When I'm working, the hours are long. I leave at 6:00 a.m. and I don't get home till 6:30 p.m. Consequently, I don't see my children in the morning, except to tiptoe into their rooms and look at them. When I get home, Jamie, who's still a baby, is asleep. But Kelly is up. I play with Kelly and we talk. I listen to everything she has to say, and I put her to bed myself. When I'm working all day, no one can tuck Kelly in but myself. She needs the assurance that I love her so much that I want to show even this little touch of tenderness. And after a long day at work, I myself need the talking and laughter with my child, and the warm satisfaction of putting her to bed.

One thing I think is very important: many mothers who work feel a little guilty because their work keeps them away from their children all day. And feeling guilty causes them to make a certain mistake. When a working mother comes home, she will often be loaded with toys and gifts for her child, as though to compensate for having been away all day. Also, she is inclined to be over-indulgent. She doesn't want to punish her little darling for misbehaving because she feels her child has been punished enough by not having the mother around during the day.

I don't feel that way at all. When I'm home after work, if my little girl misbehaves, I discipline her, just as as I would if I'd been home all day. I think spoiling

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Please circle the box to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE MARILYN MONROE:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

2. I LIKE HOPE LANGE:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE DON MURRAY:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

3. I LIKE JANET LEIGH:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

4. I LIKE ELIZABETH TAYLOR:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

5. I LIKE ROCK HUDSON:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

6. I LIKE EVY NORLUND:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE JAMES DARREN:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

a child in the hope of making up for your having been away is confusing to the child. And I don't come home from a day at work loaded down with gifts. I don't feel that I have to bribe my children because I've been away at work.

It's by my actions that I show my children love and warmth, even when I'm away. When I come home, I show them how much I love them in the ways that are natural to any loving mother. But I won't let them get away with misbehaving. That's the worst thing I could do for them. I remember one night when I came home from the set of *Psycho,* Kelly and I were playing. Then I was called to the telephone. When I returned, I discovered Kelly had scooped a fistful of chocolates in her mouth. She knows she isn't allowed to do that. Did I smile indulgently and think, *Well, the poor child's missed me all day—what's a handful of candy if it makes her feel happier?* I did not. I scolded Kelly and sent her right up to bed—which is just what I would have done if I hadn't been away from the house working all day.

The children of working mothers can either develop into staunch, independent, secure children, or spoiled children, overindulged by mothers who feel guilty because they can't be with their children twenty-four hours a day.

However, when I'm working I do spend all my week ends with my children. For their sake and my own, I will not make social dates that would take me away from the house on the few days when we can be together.

On one occasion, when I was scheduled to go on a publicity tour in San Francisco for *Who Was That Lady,* I called it off. Why? Because suddenly we had a change in household help, and I didn't want to leave my two little girls with virtual strangers.

A mother shouldn't become panicky for every slight cause. Unnecessary hysteria could turn a working mother and her children into neurotics. Once while I was working in *Who Was That Lady,* I received a call on the set. It was from my house. The couple who worked for me had suddenly walked out. They hadn't made lunch for the children. It was upsetting, but hardly a crisis. I told my secretary, whom we call "Angel" and who was at the house at the time, just what to give the children for lunch and when to put them to bed.

Tenderness and motherly love are not so much a matter of the hours a woman spends with her children. They're a matter of feeling.

There are so many small, tender things a working mother can do. For instance, Kelly normally wears her hair in two perky pigtails. On the days of big events such as birthday parties or special days at school, I curl her hair. I put it up myself and she loves it. It's the little things than can be warm and important. . . .

Library Day is a big day at Kelly's nursery school. The children sing and are part of a school production. For weeks, Kelly had been telling me about it, her round eyes shining. She rehearsed her little songs at home and dropped mysterious hints about what she was going to do.

The week before Library Day, I got a call to report for *Pepe* on Kelly's big day. Fortunately, I got the call in time to tell George Sidney, the producer, he had chosen one of the worst days in the year for me. I begged him to change the schedule to permit me to start my role one day later. He agreed.

I shopped with Kelly for the new dress she'd wear on this important day. We bought a blue-and-white ruffled dress with a starched white pinafore. The night before, I put her hair up in curlers myself. That morning she looked like a real doll.

She was proud and I was proud. I drove her to school. As we walked into the school together, I took her hand. When she walked out on the stage, I could see her—just like the other children—scanning the audience to see if her mother was there. How glad I was that I could be!

No, I don't think my children feel cheated because I'm a working mother. Here's one of the secrets, which I'm happy to pass on to other mothers: When I come home, I walk into the house buoyant and happy, no matter how hard the day has been for me.

Rosemary, never show fatigue to your children when you come home from work, no matter how tired you really are. Just keep in mind the joy that lies ahead of you, now that your typewriter has been covered or your last order for the day written. Remember, as you enter your house after a hard day's work, you are going home to your reward. You are going to have your own little child run up to you and throw his arms around you and kiss you and prattle on to you what he did during the day. Even if your back has ached and your feet have felt like lead, knowing this should be enough to put a spring in your walk, a smile on your face and lightness in your heart. This is the love and tenderness, the feeling that "Mommy's home with me" that a child appreciates.

When I work, I work hard. It's usually a twelve-hour day and it's emotionally and physically wearing. Ordinarily, I'd want to go home and not talk to anyone until my nerves have quit jangling. But as soon as I get to the white door of my home, and know that two little girls are waiting to leap into my arms, I don't feel one bit tired.

Best wishes,
Janet Leigh **END**

Janet will guest-star in Columbia's PEPE.

7. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

8. I LIKE BOBBY DARIN:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

9. I LIKE SANDRA DEE:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

10. I LIKE FRED ASTAIRE:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

11. I LIKE JANE FONDA:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

12. I LIKE JILL ST. JOHN:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

13. I LIKE WILL (SUGARFOOT) HUTCHINS:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

14. I READ: [1] all of **DINING WITH THE STARS** [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] completely [2] fairly well [3] very little [5] not at all

15. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____ MALE (1) _____ FEMALE

(2) _____ MALE (2) _____ FEMALE

(3) _____ MALE (3) _____ FEMALE

AGE..... **NAME**.....

ADDRESS..... STREET

CITY..... **ZONE**..... **STATE**.....



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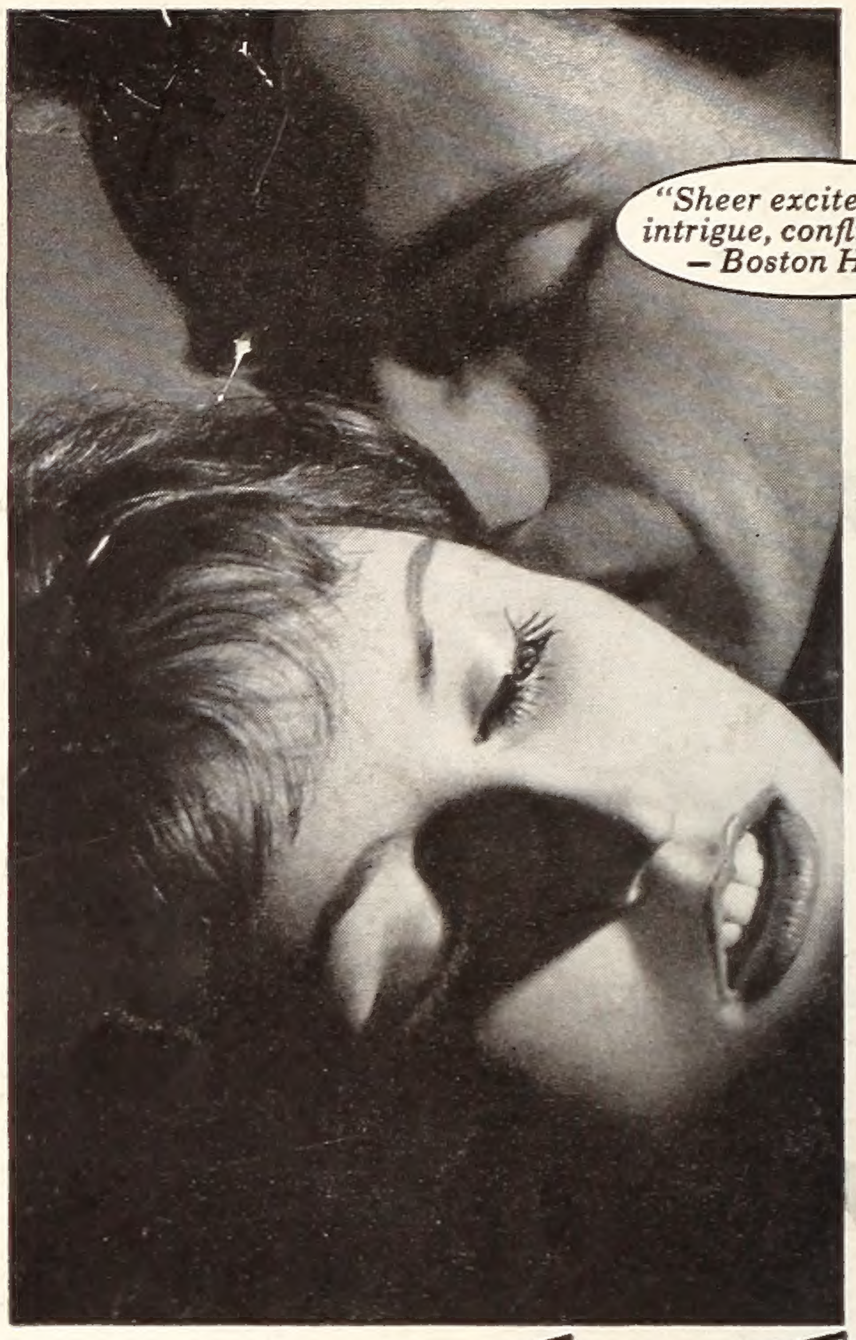
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